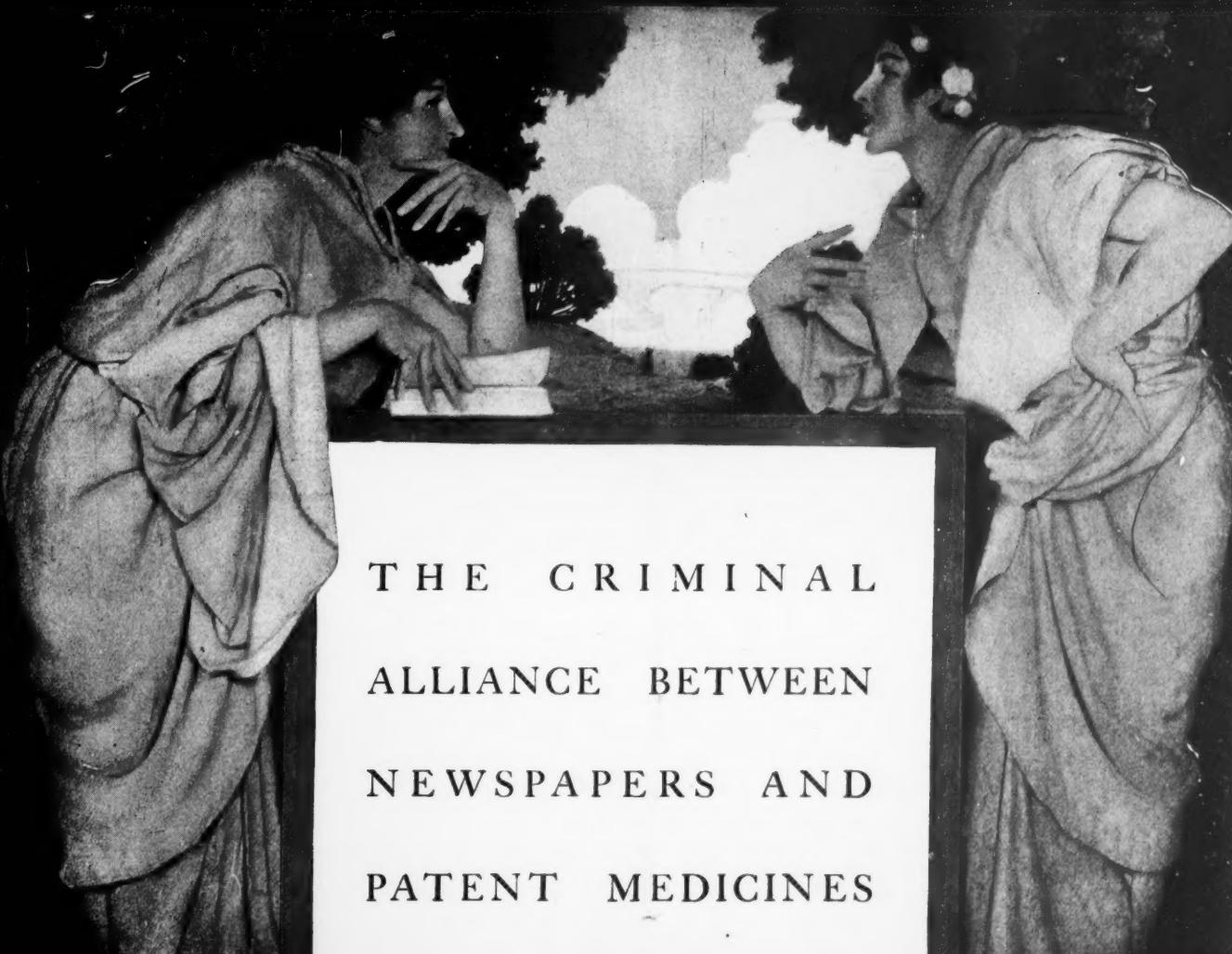


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE CRIMINAL
ALLIANCE BETWEEN
NEWSPAPERS AND
PATENT MEDICINES

JULY 8 1905

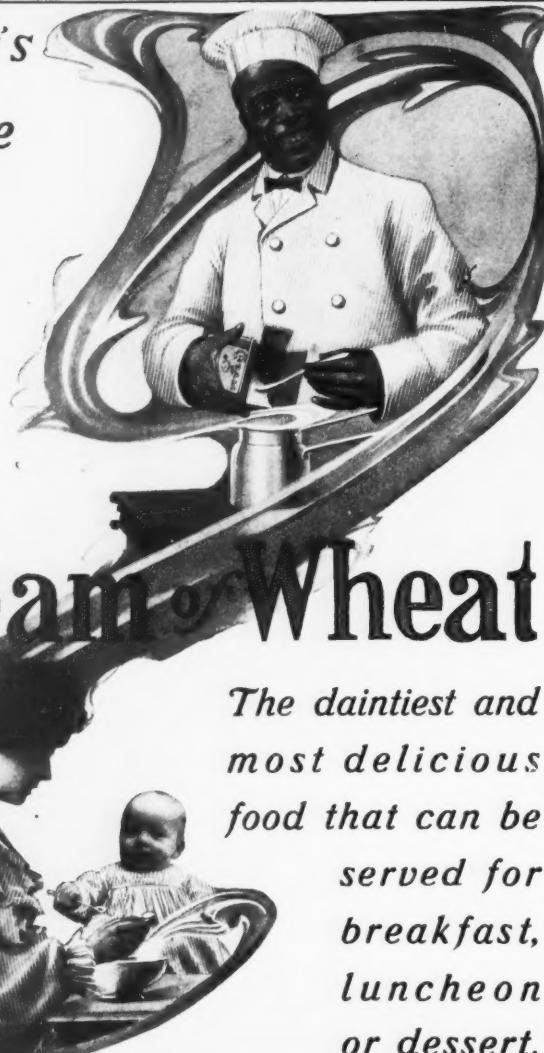
VOL XXXV NO 15

PRICE TEN CENTS

Mother's
Favorite
and
Baby's
First
Cereal

Cream of Wheat

*The daintiest and
most delicious
food that can be
served for
breakfast,
luncheon
or dessert.*



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What Charles Dana Gibson Saw at the Game

These are the greatest baseball pictures ever produced. They are realistic and artistic. A delight to lovers of baseball, and to students of human nature. Done on Japan rice tissue, mounted with companion mat ready for framing, they make an appropriate picture for the home, the club, the college room, and the summer cottage.

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Proof Department, Collier's
410 West Thirteenth Street, New York City



A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

The Oldsmobile Ten Passenger Wagonette offers an attractive investment for street service in small towns, for stage line work, for depot service and for resort service. It is strongly built, equipped with 16 h. p. two-cylinder vertical motor, price \$2200. You can have a money-making business from the start. Its novelty attracts attention. Its satisfactory service holds patronage. You will find it profitable to get in touch with us at once and investigate what we have to offer. Lines have been installed in various parts of the country and are meeting with immediate success.

If you are a merchant, or in a business which requires delivery or express service, you should investigate the Oldsmobile Standard Delivery Car at \$2200. Write for full particulars. Ask for Auto Express circular. Address Dept. R.

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

Member A. L. A. M.



Evening on a Canadian Lake

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FREDERIC REMINGTON

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PROOF DEPARTMENT, COLLIER'S
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Americ
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sion, N
Boy's an
Publis

Get the heating outfit now!—before Winter comes.



Now, before Winter—not then, when it's here—is the time to put in steam or water warming, when makers and fitters are not rushed as in the Fall. Be ready to make your own weather in your own home, store, church, school or hotel—in country or city—at the turn of a valve.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS AND BOILERS

automatically follow the weather up and down—all rooms, nooks and hallways are uniformly, healthfully warmed. Anyone can take care of an IDEAL Boiler. The fire keeps all night—the house is cozily warm in the morning. Any fuel may be used, even to cheapest soft coal screenings. The fuel and labor savings pay for the outfit, which outlasts building in heats. The freedom from ashes in the living room saves much housework. You will need our catalogues to select from—sent free, on request, stating size and kind of building you wish to heat.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 31.

CHICAGO

IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL



BINDER FOR COLLIER'S

\$1.25, Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold a full year's issue. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address COLLIER'S, 416 W. Thirteenth Street, New York.

WHY NOT LEARN TO SIGN PAINTING?

Show-card Writing or Lettering. Separate courses may be had not over \$10.00. Thorough and comprehensive instruction by mail at your own home by a teacher with a national reputation. Easy terms. Write today for large illustrated catalogue of particulars.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING

Dept. E, Detroit, Mich.

"Oldest and largest school of its kind."

6% Interest Paid on Deposits
Compounded Semi-Annually
"Banking by Mail" on request.

EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN CO.
GEO. A. SMITH, Pres. MACON, GA.

CANVASSERS WANTED. There is big money in getting subscriptions for "The American Boy," the best magazine for boys. It is six years old and grows to 125,000 homes. No other publishers allow liberal a commission. Nearly every home has a boy in it who wants "The American Boy" as soon as he sees it. Write for our liberal terms. The Sprague Publishing Company, 319 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers. New York, 416-424 W. 13th St.; London, 10 Norfolk St., Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Breams Bldgs., Chancery Lane; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1905 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Notice to Subscribers

Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of *COLLIER'S* will reach any new subscriber.

VOLUME XXXV

NUMBER 15

10 CENTS PER COPY

\$5.20 PER YEAR

NEW YORK SATURDAY JULY 8 1905

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ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A SHORT STORY

Collier's offers one thousand dollars for the best short story received between June 1 and September 1. This premium will be awarded in addition to the price paid for the story, and all accepted stories will be paid for at the uniform rate of five cents a word, except in the case of authors who have an established and higher rate. These authors will receive their regular rate. A booklet giving full particulars of the contest will be mailed upon request. Address Fiction Department, Collier's, 416 West 13th St., New York.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

In order to secure for Collier's the best news photographs, a monthly prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded, in addition to the purchase price of the photograph itself, for the best news picture published during the month. This offer is open to amateurs as well as to professionals. All photographs must bear on the reverse side the name and address of the sender and a full description of the subject pictured. All pictures must be sent flat—not rolled—addressed to the Art Editor, Collier's, 416 West 13th St., New York.



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Climbing

steep grades or
under other severe con-

ditions of travel, the Cadillac not

only reaches its own destination without

annoyance, but is a "friend in need" to others.

Whatever the test, there is power enough and to spare.

Simplicity and accuracy of construction reduce the liability to damage or derangement of mechanism so low as to make the Cadillac almost trouble-proof. The money-saving in consequence of this, combined with remarkably low cost of fuel and lubrication, make the Cadillac the most economically maintained of all motor cars. Ask any Cadillac owner. His expense book is our best advertisement.

Model F—Side-Entrance Touring Car, \$850. Model E—Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, \$750.

Model B—Touring Car, detachable tonneau, \$500. Model D—Four-cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,800.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Write for catalog L. and address of nearest dealer where you may try a Cadillac.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

(1)

EGYPTIAN DEITIES



S. ANARGYROS

The clubman's cigarette is Egyptian Deities. He finds it the accepted brand of his club; he finds it the unchanging preference of his friends; and for him no other cigarette affords the exquisite perfection of flavor and aroma, and an equal assurance of uniform quality.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

contain only the finest, purest, ripest Yacca leaf; aged, cured and handled throughout with infinite care and regardless of expense. This cigarette never changes in blend, and always affords the full shape and clear, even draught that comes only from the most skillful Egyptian workmanship.

Restu

Friend of the Weary

Restu deserves the name. Walking made a pleasure; standing robbed of its cruelty. Fits inside any man's, woman's or child's shoe. Cures rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes and bunions, prevents flat-foot. Arches instep gracefully.

Write for Interesting Booklet.
RESTU MFG. CO., 52 State St., SHARON, PA.

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned

Free opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent. Send for Circulars and for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised at our expense.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 612 F St., Washington, D. C.

132 Nassau Street, New York City

Summer Resort 'twixt Town and Country

CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL

American and European Plan

This elegant modern Hotel is built of stone and pressed brick. Has 1000 feet of broad veranda overlooking Lake Michigan. 450 large, elegant rooms. 220 private baths. Tempting table. Only 10 minutes' ride to city's shopping and theatre center. Send for free Illustrated Booklet.

51st Boulevard and Lake Shore, Chicago



BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms and Supplies. Lyon & Healy's "Own Make" Instruments are used by the greatest artists. Fine Catalog, 400 illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band and Military Instruction for American Bands. Correspondence accepted. \$7.50 upward. Easy payments accepted.

LYON & HEALY, 39 Adams Street, CHICAGO, World's Largest Music House

STATE MANAGERS WANTED

By an established Ohio corporation; good salary, office expenses and commissions paid to men of character and ability. References required and given. Address, MANAGER, 177 Ontario Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

3

Talks On Advertising

Making Sure of Results from General Advertising.

M. R. General Advertiser!

The first tangible *Return* from your money, when invested in Space, whether that Space be filled with "General Advertising" or with "Mail Order Advertising" is an *Inquiry* for your goods.

That *Inquiry* may be *verbal* to a Clerk over the Counter, or—it may be *by Mail*, in a written, stamped, and posted letter.

But, in either case, it is just an *Inquiry* for the goods of one sort or another. It is the first practical *evidence* that the money spent is earning something *tangible* for you in return.

Now—it may take twice or three times as much *Conviction* in Copy to make a Consumer *write an Inquiry* for goods, and post it, as it would have taken to make that same Consumer inquire *verbally* for the goods advertised, when passing a store that should sell them.

But, when he does inquire *verbally* from a Retailer there are twice or three times as many chances of *substitution*, of "don't-keep-it" or "here's-something-better," as there would have been if that same Consumer had *written direct* for it by Mail.

Therefore, the Advertisement which sends Consumers to Retailers, should be as full of *Conviction* as the successful Mail-Order Advertisement in order to fortify that Consumer against substitution, "don't-keep-it" and "here's-something-better."

Because, if the Advertisement *fails* to thus *fortify* the Consumer with "reason-why" and *Conviction*, it may simply send him to a Retail Store, to be switched on to a *competing* line of goods with which the Retailer is heavily stocked, or which his Clerks favor the sale of in preference to ours.

In that case the Advertising *we pay for* would sell goods for our non-advertising *Competitors*.

Half the money spent to "Keep-the-name-before-the-people" results today in this *substitution* of non-advertised articles for the articles advertised through General Publicity.

* * *

"General Publicity" Copy, when tested, is found in almost every case *too Weak* to sell goods profitably by Mail. And any copy which is not strong enough, nor *convincing* enough, to *sell goods by mail*, is not strong enough to make the Consumer *resist substitution*, and the "don't-keep-that-kind" influence of Retail conditions.

"General Advertising" Copy to succeed profitably must therefore cause not only a *verbal Inquiry* for the goods, but must also have enough strong *conviction* saturated into it to make the Consumer *insist* upon getting the goods he asks for, against probable substituting influence.

It must therefore give him better "reasons-why" he should *buy our goods* than he is likely to hear from the retail Salesman for the competing goods that Salesman may want to substitute.

And, it must give him these "reasons-why" in such a lucid thought-form as he can understand *without effort*, so *impressively* that he will *believe* our reasoning Claims. It must also do this in spite of his natural distrust of all Advertised statements.

This means that we must put into General Advertising Copy the precise qualities that would be necessary to *sell goods profitably by mail*.

* * *

Half the people who inquire for Advertised goods *out of Curiosity* as a result of "General Publicity" (Keeping-the-name-before-the-People, etc.) do not *buy them* when they see them.

Because the *competing goods* will look just as fine when shown and recommended by the

Substituting Salesman, and the Curiosity Inquiry having no firm *foundation* of Reason-Why under it cannot combat the personal influence of the Salesman.

This is why not more than a fourth of those who, out of mere *curiosity*, buy the *first* package ever buy the second or third consecutive package of the same article, through "General Publicity. Because they do not buy on *Conviction*.

Meantime, it usually takes about all the profit in the *first* purchase of any "Generally Advertised" article to pay the cost of *introducing* it to the Consumer's notice through Advertising.

But, with Lord & Thomas "Salesmanship-on-Paper" Copy results are *insured* and far more cumulative.

Because, a Consumer need only be convinced *once*, through our "reason-why" Salesmanship-on-Paper, that the article is what he *should*, for *his own sake*, buy and use.

When we thus *convince* him we achieve *more* than fortifying him against *substitution*. Because, we also help his imagination to *find* and *recognize*, in the article advertised, the very qualities *claimed* and *proved* for it in the Copy.

These qualities he might never have discovered for himself, nor appreciated if he had casually discovered them in a mere "Curiosity" purchase.

Because his attention had only been "attracted," not compelled and enduringly *impressed* with a logical understanding of these qualities.

But, when we once *convince* him, in advance of purchase through our "Salesmanship-on-Paper" (Copy), that the qualities *claimed* for the article *do exist* in them, he starts using that article with a *mental acceptance* of these qualities.

And, because he begins using the article with an *advance knowledge of*, and *belief in*, its good points, his *appreciation* becomes *permanent* if the goods merit it. He therefore makes a *second*, *third*, and further consecutive purchase of that article as a result of having once read a *single convincing* "Reason-Why" advertisement about it.

This is where large and cumulative *profits* must come to the General Advertiser—on the 2nd, 3rd, and *continued* purchases by readers of the *first* advertisement that reached their *Convictions*.

* * *

These *conviction* qualities in copy are shown, by test, to be just as necessary in Advertising designed to sell goods profitably today, through *Retailers* to Consumers, as they are to sell goods *direct by mail* to Consumers.

This is why every Advertisement for goods to be sold through Retailers, against substitution, and "don't-keep-it" influences, should have as much *positive selling force*, "reason-why" and *conviction* in it, as would be necessary to sell the goods *by mail* direct to Consumers.

The difference in *Results* from Space in which this direct *selling force* of Lord & Thomas Salesmanship-on-Paper has been used, and in results from similar space filled with "General Publicity" is often more than 80%.

Conclusive *tests* on Copy have clearly proved this, and one of our articles, entitled "Why

Some Advertisers Grow Wealthy," in the June issue of another Magazine, cites a vivid example of it, from actual experience.

Any advertiser who is willing to accept mere "General Publicity" for his money, when he might have had all *that* and, in addition, a positive *selling force* combined with it, for five per cent more cost, is losing 50% to 80% of the *results* he *might have had* from the same identical appropriation.

Please note that the Lord & Thomas definition of "General Publicity" is "Keeping-the-name-before-the-people." When we speak of "General Advertising" we mean copy which sells goods through the Retailer. This latter class of advertising constitutes three-fourths of our business.

And note also that we are NOT "advising" General Advertisers to GO INTO MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

WE DO, however, strongly insist that all Copy for GENERAL ADVERTISING should possess as much positive SELLING-FORCE and CONVICTION as it would NEED to actually and profitably SELL Goods direct BY MAIL.

* * *

Three-fourths of the salaries paid by most Agencies go to strong Solicitors who *sell you Space*—and *promise you service free of charge*.

But, do the Solicitors' services as *Salesmen* help to bring your money back through the Advertising *you must pay for*?

Not 25% of Advertising Agency salaries are invested in Copy Staff capable of making the Space sold by the Solicitors *pay a profit* for the Advertiser.

Could we afford to direct your attention to these facts if we were not the *only* exception to the rule cited?

The selling tests we have made on various kinds of Copy, and on most mediums, have convinced us that Salesmanship in "Copy" is the Heart and Soul and Essence of Advertising.

We have proven by these tests that even a *poor* medium, at a relatively high price, with strong "Salesmanship-on-Paper" in it, will out-sell the *best* medium using "General Publicity."

Our Records-of-Results leave no doubt of this, while they also show which mediums sell the most goods per dollar invested, with the same kind of copy.

It has cost us nearly \$100,000 to collect, compile, compare, maintain and practically apply the reliable *data* upon which our judgment of Copy and Mediums is now based in our "Record-of-Results."

No other Advertising Agency, nor individual Advertiser, has any such reliable guide to go by, as this collection of organized data, nor such *true knowledge* of Copy, and Mediums, as that *sure Index* affords.

And that *Index to Results* is what decided us to spend \$72,000 per year, in salaries, for a Copy Staff which is *able enough* to write the Lord & Thomas "Salesmanship-on-Paper."

No other Agency in America spends *one-third* of this sum for capable Copy-writers.

Not three other agencies individually, spend a *fifth* of it.

Shall we send you our "Book of Tests on Advertising?"

It is free to "General Advertisers" or to "Mail-Order Advertisers"—\$5.00 per copy to all others.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America

CHICAGO

1

NEW YORK

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE GRAFTERS DON'T LIKE THE PARROT

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



THE PRESIDENT'S POPULARITY is too extensive to feel the loss caused by his performances whenever friends of his have committed errors or need advancement. Perhaps, indeed, there will be no loss at all, for devotion to friends, as against a meaningless abstraction like a rule of public action, is one of those qualities generally described as lovable. If Mr. LOOMIS's mistake had been committed by a stranger or an unliked acquaintance, it would have received more extended comment. Perhaps even it would have served as text for a little hortatory eloquence. Had Messrs. HARMON and JUDSON not entered the sacred circle of court favorites, they would have been less harshly dealt with for believing that "so long as officials can hide behind their corporations no remedy can be effective," but that "when the Government searches out the guilty men and makes corporate wrongdoing mean personal punishment and dishonor, the laws will be obeyed." The President has the perquisites of his position, nor are we so stony-hearted as to quarrel with him for liking to see his FRIENDSHIP friends prosper and enjoy peace; but we do wish that on occasions when he deems it necessary to print exuberant eulogies of his friends in trouble he would refrain for once from talking in that very document about a "square deal." He might hold it back for a week or two, and he could then indulge his liking for it with added force. Addressing young men recently, he spoke of the navy as "the means which can alone render its attitude as a nation *worthy* of the respect of the other nations of mankind." The italics are ours. We think that to be worthy of respect, or even to receive respect, does not depend so entirely on the number of battleships as our President imagines. Various things, including our business morality, have some bearing on the "respect" which we deserve. Mr. ROOSEVELT has been a voluminous influence for the needed gain in civic standards. He has done much to encourage ideas of public duty as contrasted with private advantage. But he also has his shortcomings, and his LOOMIS and MORTON doings will be added to the list headed by the infinitesimal recess invented for the benefit of General Wood.

MR. ROOSEVELT IS SURE that the Equitable will be all right now that Mr. MORTON is in control. Such faith comes to us like a rift in the clouds of life. While thousands are bothered about the *quid pro quo* of that \$2,500,000 for five hundred and two shares of stock, the President sleeps in peace, for MORTON is at the helm. The new helmsman apparently is a frank and attractive character. He is a business man, however, and we have yet to see whether under the motto "business is business" he believes that certain scruples brought out by the present situation are nonsense. Many frank and attractive financiers hold such belief. Probably THOMAS RYAN does. The Equitable will doubtless be managed with a less reckless disregard for appearances than is shown in the

DELEND EST
CARTHAGO

FRICK and HENDRICKS revelations, but it will be disappointing if this upheaval is allowed to subside without improvement that will last. As long ago as 1877 the Equitable was investigated and the present evils, then of smaller growth, were condemned. Talk is not enough. The inspector of insurance acted only when he was compelled by public clamor. What kind of a department does that indicate? Will he inspect other companies, in which the directors have not given the public information by intestine quarrels? The course of the Wisconsin Legislature in passing a bill to compel insurance companies to divide their profits at least once in five years indicates the general present temper. The most effective lesson, next to inflicting criminal penalties, that could be given would be some successful attempts at recovering the stolen property of the policy-holders—which would for a long time encourage wakefulness in the public and care in the officials.

WHAT LOVES GERMANY? She is at present so unpopular that it almost seems as if hostility to her might be a universal bond among the nations, and thus come nearest to assuring peace of anything on this warlike earth. If she fortifies Kiao-Chau Bay, as she is charged with intending, perhaps making it the military equal of Port Arthur, this unpopularity will if possible increase, as the struggles of the nations for slices of the Chinese empire will not be allowed to slacken or even remain in their

present state. But rapidly shifts the kaleidoscope. Scarcely longer ago than yesterday it was England who seemed to have no friends, or few, and at any rate to face with opposing interests and sympathies the three most powerful nations of the continent. "Splendid isolation" has ceased to be her attitude. An actual alliance with Japan and relations of good-will with France and the United States naturally made the Kaiser think England was becoming too comfortably intrenched, so, something of BISMARCK's methods by nature and inheritance being his, he seized Russia's collapse as his chance to confuse the situation, knowing that any new arrangement would be to his advantage. What makes Germany the principal threat to peace, among the leading nations, is that she is the one who feels both dissatisfied and strong enough to conquer a better position at a favorable opportunity. No blame, certainly, attaches to her for being watchful to extend her commerce, and consequently her navy, but as long as she does desire such fundamental changes she must inevitably be uncomfortable and alarming as a neighbor.

GERMANY'S POSITION

ARROGANCE AND STUPIDITY in employees of this nation have at last sufficiently angered the Chinese to cause some fright among business interests at home. It is not the law to which China objects, but the idiotic manner of its interpretation. Nor are the Chinese the only sufferers, although they suffer most. An Englishman sends us his troubles with the head tax on aliens. After residing in this country for a quarter of a century, during which period he cheerfully contributed liberally of his means to the upbuilding of the section in which he lived (the mountains of western North Carolina), paying all taxes, including certain assessments from collection of which aliens are exempt if they so elect, he passed six weeks in Nova Scotia last summer, returning by steamer to Boston. An immigrant official of that type which has brought many curses upon this Government promptly required payment of the \$2 head tax and exhibit of \$50 on his person. Nor did he stop there, but required thorough medical examination, treating the Englishman much like a criminal, to the annoyance and humiliation of himself and his American wife, to whom ugly personal questions were propounded by inquisitive Americans gathered about. Complaint was made to the Commissioner-General of Immigration at Washington, and that official replied, according to our English correspondent, that any alien living in this republic so long and failing to appreciate the advantages of citizenship deserved no better treatment. Whether that was exactly his reply or not, and whether he or some one else is to blame, the immigration laws are executed with a degree of insulting density that would deserve censure in a country as civilized as Turkey.

HOW WE TREAT IMMIGRANTS

FROM SANTA ANA, California, comes a protest against our views of Japanese on the Pacific Coast. He accuses them of one fault only—working cheaply. We are far from underestimating the harm of cheap labor as an obstacle to rising standards of living, and we believe in Chinese exclusion, rationally interpreted; but the Japanese situation is altogether a different one. Our friend observes: "They take the place of the hired girl. Why? Because they work more cheaply." Not entirely. It is in part because they work more efficiently, more cheerfully, and with a desire to do as much instead of as little as they can. "Come out here," CALIFORNIA HEARD FROM says our Californian, "if you want to find out about the Jap and how the people feel toward him. Out here we don't care anything about the statistics, or the Jap's victories or defeats." They just dislike him, from an idea that he is competing. Although statistics do not appeal to the average irate citizen, they do matter; for they, taken in connection with the developments of the war, make it absurd to believe that enough Japanese will come here to affect the general civilization—altogether apart from the question of whether their presence would be good for our development or the reverse.

MMR. SAMUEL ADAMS CALCULATES that the average American city of one hundred thousand inhabitants wastes annually half a million dollars on the luxury of having typhoid fever, and perhaps one hundred thousand dollars more on



efforts at prevention, all in spite of the easily preventable nature of the disease. All typhoid, Mr. ADAMS argues, is traceable to polluted water. If, for a year, the world were to stop drinking dilute sewage, typhoid fever would vanish. Nineteenths of all infection comes direct from bad water; the other tenth would disappear if the principal cause were eliminated. Nearly all of our large cities are constantly infected by water polluted either by themselves, as Chicago and Cleveland, or by others; and the number of cities is constantly increasing, which, like Pittsburg, Washington, and Philadelphia, first poison themselves and then send the germs on down the stream. Pittsburg's typhoid death rate per one hundred thousand inhabitants is from 124 to 144. Dresden's rate is 4. Dresden purifies its water. Pittsburg, like most American cities, does not, but expects to begin filtering in about three years. It is a work which the cities must do, as the ordinary house filter is of no avail.

Mr. ADAMS gives, among his illustrations, Louisville PECULIAR ECONOMY and Cincinnati, which take their water unfiltered from the foul Ohio; Baltimore, which drinks whatever comes to it from a local watershed; Troy, which is content with Hudson River water; Indianapolis, which permits a private water company to befoul its supply with sewage from the White River; Minneapolis and St. Louis, whose intakes suck down the sewage of the Mississippi; New Orleans, which used to drink Mississippi water, but now prefers the scourings of its own roofs; and Grand Rapids, which varies between a drainage-polluted supply from the Grand River and a vault-contaminated supply from private wells. Physicians and health authorities lie about the disease in order not to bring ill repute upon their towns, as Cornell did during its famous epidemic, with various officers of that university interested in the Ithaca Water Company. No wonder, our spirit being what it is, the mortality per one hundred thousand from typhoid in the Spanish War was 1,463! What would a Japanese say to that species of economy? Or even a European?

WE HAD INTENDED TO SAY NOTHING about a certain danger now hanging over the country. This unusual abstinence on our part was due to the impossibility of deciding upon a tone in which the matter could fittingly be discussed. To be frivolous would falsify our inner deep convictions, and to be as serious as we desire would strike many readers as excessive. The lobster is associated with many of the happiest moments of our life. No physician ever gave advice more welcome than his who urged, in a case of indigestion purely nervous, that we go out, when indisposed, and make a supper of ale and lobster mayonnaise. The ideas associated with no animal are more festive, more opposite to the ordinary cares and gray oppression that make the lot of man. Happily the first reports were excessive, and the animal is not in danger so immediate as was feared, but some menace does remain, and it is shocking to observe that Maine fishermen have formed a union which opposes the lobster propagation of the Government. It is reported that the Norwegian Government established a close season for lobsters as early as 1700, and we may well be awakened to a similar necessity. Whether or not he is generally unwholesome, few of us possess hearts so callous that we could see the lobster go without a tear.

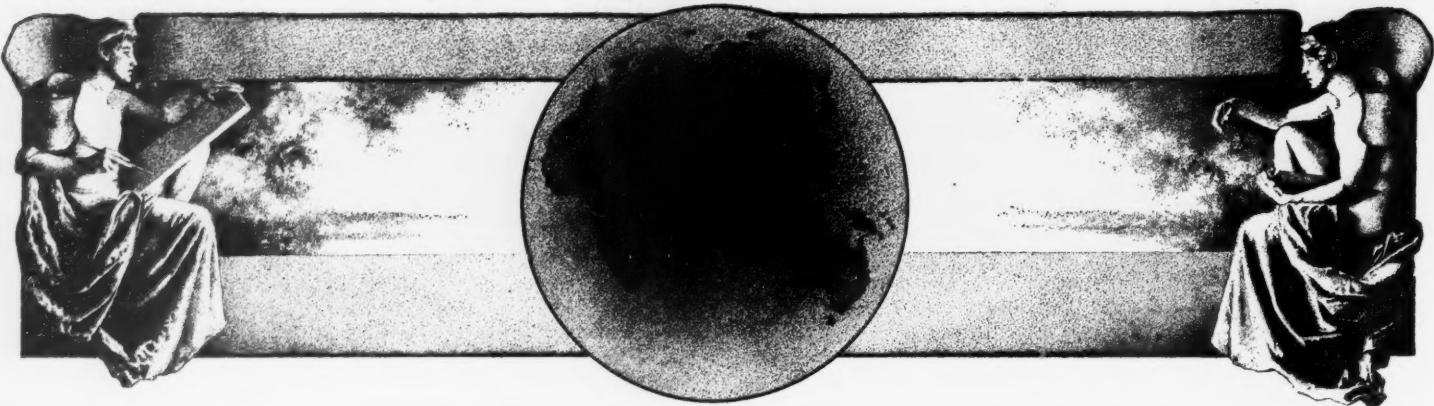
SOME YOUNG WOMEN now receiving diplomas are squaring TO GIRLS ON GRADUATION their youthful shoulders for men's work. "Now the reserve of a boy is tenfold deeper than the reserve of a maid, she being made for one end only by blind Nature, but man for several." Thus Mr. KIPLING some six years ago, thereby earning unpopularity out of all just proportion. Yet that "one end only" which women of these times disclaim—sometimes a little truculently—is a good half of all the business of the world, which is no small contract. The old division of work according to sex was too arbitrary, because it did not reckon with individuality, and individuality if not accounted for is apt to wander around and wreck things; and it is true that work, other things being equal, is sexless and impersonal. Other things being equal—they rarely are, thank Heaven!—and that sexless border country where masculine women and feminine men can turn to at each other's work

indiscriminately, is, after all, only a border—the gray strip where black mixes with white. The greater divisions still remain in which men are men and women are women, minding their own business according to primitive demarcations, working together, but keeping their vocations complementary, as physician and nurse are complementary. An essay somewhat along these lines, in "The National Review" for June, by "CARMEN SYLVA," as the Queen of Roumania signs herself, is remarkable, in these times of vacillation on the subject, for the calm, almost amounting to condescension, with which she draws the lines of sex activity, with an obvious conviction that the higher functions belong to that half of humanity which is constantly responsible for the training of plastic human beings. There are places in the essay naive almost to absurdity, but there are again bits deep and clear with knowledge and understanding.

THE USE OF BAD WORDS by ladies has recently been discussed in connection with a conspicuous suit at law. In our opinion the social setting makes the habit worse. A scolding fish-wife done in gold is rather less artistic than when left in true colors as a bit of *genre*. The use of what is euphemistically called a "big, big D" is more a question of taste than of morality, but the dividing line between taste and morality is often so ill-defined that it is as well to be conservative in such matters, particularly, we venture to observe, if one is a woman. It is not the "D" in itself, any more than a few years ago it was the cigarette in itself, that is on trial, so much as traits of which such habits are the hall-mark. If feminine drinking and profanity are considered *recherche* in certain quarters, and if there is much lamentation concerning it, more perhaps than it deserves, it may be said that society will get notions of that sort now and then, just as a child does, only you can't take it by the ear as you can a child—unless you are a JOHN KNOX—and who wants to be? In the main, it is not so very bad a child, and may come out all right in the end. Possibly some of MANNERS AND DECAY us will live to see the return of more delicate manners, for thus the pendulum swings. Beatrix Esmond and her friends had many of the bad customs which we deplore today, and society lived through them. In some ways there is progress. At least, the fine ladies of to-day know how to bathe, which is more than poor Beatrix did. Yes, Beatrix drank and swore. If, in her irascible old age, she had been out of patience with an architect, she would have undoubtedly gone further and given him an argument from her gold-headed cane. Doubtless, when chance gives an individual or a class or a nation so great wealth as to bewilder it there is danger that it will revert to barbarism. Cakes and ale as a steady diet are not hygienic. You can never tell when the situation threatens to be serious. English society recovered from CHARLES II, but Rome fell, and Versailles; and Russia stands in the pillory at present. But if any nation can bear the burden of too great wealth in foolish hands, the United States, with its stable foundation of general education and distributed prosperity, ought to be secure.

RACE SUICIDE IS ATTACKED too often with the arguments that are easiest to answer. Obviously we are in no danger from lack of population, which was an important consideration for the small states of antiquity. There is more weight in the contention that the Anglo-Saxon element is dying out and can ill be spared, but even that fact is of much less moment than the truth that the avoidance of children is a sign of a deteriorated point of view toward life and a weakening national fibre. When men are unwilling to work the masculine strength is threatened. When women no longer desire children it is no answer to show that the population is sufficient. Individualism may be extreme, like any other trait. It may run into wrong channels and lead to personal or national feebleness. To be more interested in various small ways of filling or killing time than in so fundamental a part of life as the rearing of a family is to lack the springs of vitality, happiness, and power. Natural responsibilities make both men and women happier, stronger, and more attractive, and the avoidance of them, however backed by arguments, is a sign of lessened wholesomeness and vigor.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



THE LAW DISARMED

THE HEAVIEST blow yet struck at President Roosevelt's anti-trust policy was delivered by the President in his letters on the Santa Fe rebate case made public on June 21. Messrs. Harmon and Judson, special counsel, had reported that as the Santa Fe had violated the law, and also had been guilty of contempt of court in ignoring an injunction, not only the company but also its responsible officials should be prosecuted. That included Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy. Attorney-General Moody frankly confessed that he found the request "embarrassing." Finally, after consultation with the President, he directed the attorneys to confine their attention to the wicked corporation and let its innocent managers alone. Thereupon Messrs. Harmon and Judson resigned, and their resignations were accepted. In a letter reviewing the situation the President said:

"One of the officers, Mr. Morton, is a member of my Cabinet. This fact is not to be allowed to shield him nor, on the other hand, is it to be allowed to cause him to be singled out, or the officers with which he is associated to be singled out for attack."

The ground on which President Roosevelt and Mr. Moody placed their refusal to permit Mr. Morton to be prosecuted was that there was no evidence against him. But while even in this particular case it would have been hard to make the public believe that the Administration's own counsel had gone out of their way to affront their employer by "singling out" a member of his Cabinet for attack without good reason, the individual fate of Mr. Morton was a matter of very small consequence. What was of significant and really ominous importance was that to shield this one man the President and his Attorney-General laid down a general principle that reduced all our laws against corporate abuses to impotent absurdities. This principle was that proceedings under such laws ought to be taken only against the corporations violating them, and not against individuals unless the Government could prove by affirmative legal evidence that these individuals were personally responsible for the acts in question. This means, in effect, the abolition of all serious penalties for corporate crimes. To fine a corporation is a joke. "The evils with which we are now dealing," said Messrs. Harmon and Judson in their letter of resignation, "are corporate in name but individual in fact. Guilt is always personal. So long as officials can hide behind their corporations, no remedy can be effective. When the Government searches out the guilty men and makes corporate wrongdoing mean personal punishment and dishonor the laws will be obeyed."

THE VENEZUELAN MESS

IT WAS an unpleasant week for the President. The day before the publication of the correspondence in the Morton case he had the disagreeable duty of summing up the results of the investigation into the proceedings of Mr. Bowen, Minister to Venezuela. The conclusion reached was that Mr. Bowen had made unfounded charges against Mr. Loomis, and had procured their publication, thereby violating a standing executive order and injuring the interests of the country abroad. The President would have accepted his resignation, but as Mr. Bowen had intimated that he would consider a resignation an

President Roosevelt has decided that the controlling officers of law-breaking corporations can not be presumed to be personally responsible for the offences of their companies. He has also decided that it is worse for a diplomat to gossip about another than to speculate in claims against the country to which he is accredited. The Chinese boycott of American goods is creating apprehensions. Chairman Morton and State Superintendent Hendricks have created an upheaval in the Equitable

admission of misconduct his dismissal was ordered. The case of Mr. Loomis was elaborately reviewed by Secretary Taft, in whose findings President Roosevelt concurred. Mr. Taft found him not guilty of corruption, but "not discreet" in "allowing himself to take personal interests in transactions in which he or his legation might also have to act as in a trust capacity." Mr. Loomis, who was shown by the findings to have industriously utilized opportunities for private profit within the sphere of his official activity, was vindicated with a certificate of character and an admonition not to do it again, while Mr. Bowen, against whom no charges of corruption were ever made, was dismissed from the service for improper zeal in attacking a superior officer whom he believed to be dishonest. The day after his removal Mr. Bowen published a defence in which he asserted that he had declined a promotion offered him as a bribe to keep silence, and gave the text of documents to support some of his charges against Loomis, including a letter in which Mr. Loomis stated his terms for the settlement of a claim which he had bought and another pledging him a share of profits estimated at over \$1,300,000 on a proposed bond deal with the Venezuelan Government. These were some of the transactions which Mr. Taft called "indiscreet." "The Venezuelan scandal," said Mr. Bowen, "is a national disgrace."

IMPERIAL PROMISES

ALTHOUGH the Congress of Zemstvos at Moscow had met in defiance of the authorities, and had adopted resolutions demanding reforms without any of the humble professions of loyalty previously considered indispensable in Russia, the Czar graciously received the deputation sent to convey the address of the gathering to him, and listened patiently for half an hour while Prince Troubetzkoy told him bluntly that the people believed the imperial purposes were being thwarted, and that "this situation must be remedied or a horrible catastrophe would be inevitable." The Zemstvoists, said the Prince, were agreed upon four points—that representation should not be according to classes, that there should be no exclusion on account of race or religion, that the popular assembly should not be a patchwork addition to the present bureaucratic institutions but an entirely new corporation, with distinct character and powers, and that there should be complete freedom of meetings and of the press. In his response the Emperor said: "Dissipate your doubts. My will is the sovereign and unalterable will, and the admission of elected representatives to works of State will be regularly accomplished. I watch every day and devote myself to this work." This pledge was hailed by liberal Russia as a new Magna Carta, but the enthusiasm was considerably damped when the official report of the speech

with the part about elected representatives cut out showed that even the Czar was not exempt from the censor's blue pencil. The Ministry of the Interior followed up its censorship of the Emperor's speech with a circular forbidding any other than the mutilated version to be published or commented upon. It dashed the hopes of the reformers by declaring that the Czar had not meant to promise a convocation of the people resembling the constitutional assemblies of Western Europe, that any convocation

granted would be "based on an order of things responding to Russian autocratic principles," and that the imperial words contained "absolutely not the least indication of the possibility of modifying the fundamental laws of the empire." As an evidence of good faith the dictator Trepoff suspended for a month the publication of the *Russ*, the chief journalistic representative of the liberal views which Prince Troubetzkoy had just expounded to the receptive Czar.

INVITED TO ENTANGLING ALLIANCES

AT THE Pilgrims' dinner to Ambassador Reid in London on June 23 Premier Balfour suggested that the time had come when the United States should abandon its isolated position among the nations. "It is almost as inconceivable," he observed, "that the United States should remain in that ideal isolation as that some vast planet suddenly introduced into our system should not have its perturbing influence on other planets." Mr. Balfour's hint was regarded as a veiled invitation to America to join an alliance for regulating the world, but attractive as such an enterprise would be to President Roosevelt's temperament Mr. Reid deftly eluded the bait. In opening the feast of oratory on this occasion Lord Roberts introduced a novelty startling to conservative Britons by bracketing King Edward and President Roosevelt in the first toast instead of devoting it to the King alone.

KITCHENER'S ALARM BELL

Lord KITCHENER, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in India, has addressed a startling communication to the home government, clearly foreshadowing war with Russia for the possession of the Indian Empire and denouncing the present organization of the British army there. The system, he asserts, has not been changed since the Mutiny; it is based entirely on peace requirements instead of on the possibility of a great war, and it involves endless discussion and delay, great expense and poor results. He declares that the Russian railways across the deserts of Central Asia have only one possible significance, foreshadowing a contest in which England will have to fight for her existence. Lord Kitchener had to meet the opposition of the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, and the Council, but his views prevailed in London, and the home government has given him the powers he asked to effect a reorganization. The Commander pointed the need of reform by drawing the contrast between the results achieved by thoroughly modern methods in army administration in Japan and inefficient methods in Russia, and plainly hinted that the Russian military machine might not prove as helpless against England as it had proved against her ally.

SENSATIONS IN THE EQUITABLE

AS IF SUSPECTING the character of the forthcoming Hendricks report, Mr. Paul Morton, Chairman of the Equitable's Board of Directors, suddenly announced on June 20 that he had accepted the resignations of President Alexander and Vice-President Hyde. It was semi-officially stated that this was only the beginning of a thorough house-cleaning, which would be carried to the end without consideration for anybody, that all officers and directors who had participated in any way in outside ventures with Equitable funds would have to go, that suits would be brought to recover profits illegally acquired, and that the men who had stepped over the edge of the criminal laws would be prosecuted. The next day Mr. Hendricks, the State Superintendent of Insurance, gave out his anxiously expected report. It was an unsparing exposure of the carnival of graft that had prevailed in the society from the very beginning of its prosperity. Mr. Hendricks fastened the creation of the system of exploitation of the policy-holders upon the Equitable's founder, the late Henry B. Hyde. It was his genius that conceived the idea of organizing parasitic corporations to suck the life-blood of the society, while the Equitable's own transactions seemed to be perfectly clean. The Hendricks report contains some astonishing details of the robberies suffered by the Equitable policy-holders at the hands of the safe-deposit companies created to swallow the profits of some of the insurance company's principal office buildings. One of these companies, in New York, was paying dividends of 29 per cent on the strength of a lease upon which the Equitable was losing money, and a similar lease in St. Louis made it impossible for the Equitable to find a purchaser for its buildings there until it had bought out the

safe-deposit company stockholders at a price that put \$352,500 into the pockets of James H. Hyde. The salary list was a conspicuous source of graft, although unimportant compared with some of the others. For instance, Mr. Hyde has drawn \$384,000 in salaries from the Equitable and its subsidiary companies in three years, in addition to his fees as a

\$383.33 per share. Therefore Mr. Hyde and his associates have cleared \$233.33 per share on the stock which they thought it would be "unwise" for the Equitable to take at \$150, and have allowed the society to lose \$116.67 per share on that which they did not think it unwise for it to buy at \$500. The report is merciless in its exposure of the grafting proclivities of Mr. Hyde and his accomplices. It is severe on Mr. Alexander, but leaves Mr. Tarbell's reputation in fairly good condition. It expresses disbelief in any material good to be accomplished by the Ryan plan of reorganization. "In my opinion," says Mr. Hendricks:

"No superficial measures will correct the existing evils in this society. A cancer can not be cured by treating the symptoms. Complete mutualization with the elimination of the stock, to be paid for at a price only commensurate with its dividends, is, in my opinion, the only sure measure of relief."

NORWAY TO GO IN PEACE

THE SCANDINAVIAN war cloud has dissolved. In his speech to the Swedish Riksdag on June 21 King Oscar renewed his protest against Norway's action, but added:

"The bill presented to the Riksdag does not aim at replying to injustice by acts of coercion. The union is not worth the sacrifices which acts of coercion would entail. A union into which Norway would be forced in such a manner would be of little value to Sweden."

The King's programme of accepting the dissolution of the union and arranging the details by an amicable agreement met with opposition in the Riksdag, but while this might obstruct a definite settlement it could not seriously endanger peace. The Norwegian Government has continued to display a conciliatory spirit toward Sweden. The United States received its first official communication from Norway on June 22.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF PAUL JONES

Here, at Arligland, Scotland, John Paul, afterward Paul Jones, was born in 1747

director in fifty corporations, and yet his arduous labors have left him time to spend several months of each year in Europe.

A CARNIVAL OF GRAFT

TRANSACTIONS equally scandalous were exposed in connection with the Equitable's subsidiary trust companies. It was shown that by a peculiar bookkeeping arrangement a large part of the balances kept in these institutions figured at the same time as deposits by the society with the trust companies and as loans from the trust companies to the society—the trust companies paying the Equitable two or three per cent interest on the money as deposits and receiving five per cent from the Equitable upon the same money as loans. It was further shown that when the society had the privilege of subscribing for 2,335 shares of stock in the Equitable Trust Company at \$150 per share its executive and financial committees decided that it would be "unwise" for it to take so much at that price. Therefore they took only 665 shares for the society, while Mr. Hyde, his family and his fellow-members of the Executive Committee took the other 1,670 shares allotted to the Equitable for themselves personally. Later they allowed the society to take 10,563 shares at \$500. This stock is now valued at



LONGHORN OX OUTFIT AT THE 101 CELEBRATION

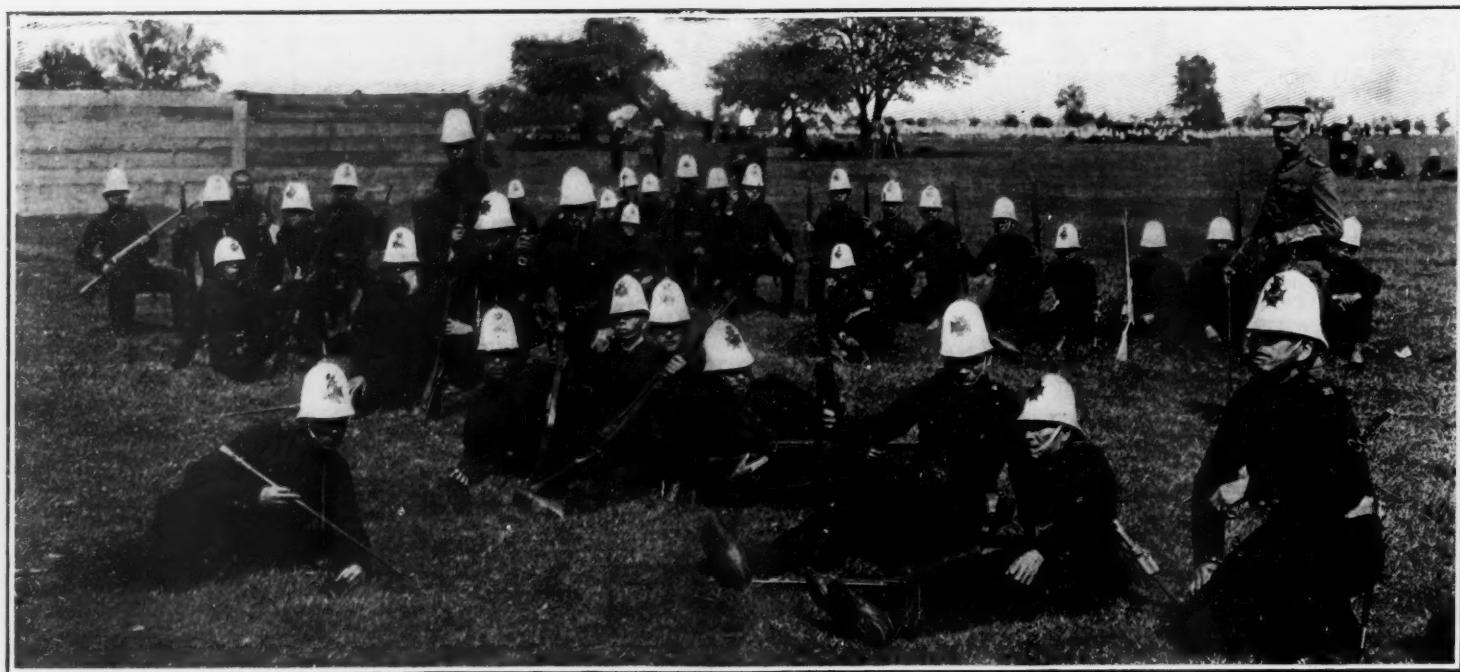


PONCA INDIANS IN WAR BONNETS



THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE WATCHING A WILD WEST SHOW ON THE PRAIRIE

The exhibition given on the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch June 11 to celebrate the meeting of the National Editorial Association at Guthrie, Oklahoma, was made famous by the report that thirty-five buffalo were to be butchered to make a journalistic holiday. The Government was going to interfere, but the thirty-five dwindled to one superannuated bull. The most interesting part of the show was the crowd which surrounded an eighty-acre field



CANADIAN MILITIA IN CAMP AT NIAGARA ON THE LAKE

Indian Company at rest. About 20,000 of Canada's 41,000 militiamen receive twelve days' training in camp every year. This is the last year of the Niagara encampment

CHINA'S BOYCOTT

THE MOVEMENT to boycott American goods is said by Mr. Lock Wing, the Chinese Vice-Consul at New York, to have spread through seventeen of the nineteen provinces of China. Its rapid progress shows how much harder it is to forgive an insult than an injury. The United States is the only great power that has never injured China, but has always stood as her friend and protector. England forced opium upon the Chinese and tore away the port of Hong Kong when they tried to resist. France seized Cochin China. Germany took advantage of the murder of two missionaries to seize Kiao-Chau. Russia occupied Manchuria and drowned five thousand Chinese at Blagovestchensk. Japan made war upon the Son of Heaven, kept Port Arthur until she was compelled to drop it, and still keeps Formosa. At the time of the Boxer rising the allied troops slaughtered the Chinese by thousands. During all these troubles the United States was the only firm, unselfish friend that China had. It alone seized no territory. It alone refused to fire on the Taku forts. It alone was satisfied with a moderate indemnity for the Boxer outrages. It alone stood between China and partition. It is owing to its efforts that the Empress Dowager still wears her crown and the provincial governors still hold the offices that enable them to promote a boycott of American products. Yet because certain Chinese individuals of influence have been insulted at our ports by coarse-grained officials, stupidly and crudely carrying out laws designed to protect the integrity of our own soil, China forgets how sedulously we have respected and guarded her rights at home, and turns upon her friends while forgiving her despoilers. It is not exactly a safe policy for her to alienate the only power upon which she has been able to depend for disinterested support, but at the same time it is a useful lesson to Americans in the value of good manners.

THE DANISH ISLANDS

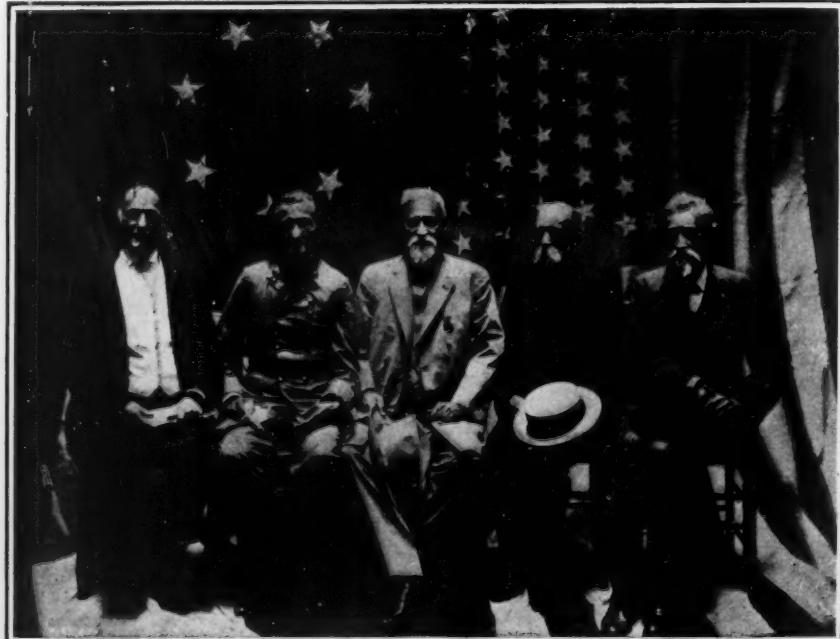
THE SCHEME of selling the Danish West Indies to the United States is showing new signs of life after all its vicissitudes. The revival originates in the islands themselves, which are in such a deplorable condition commercially and fiscally that their inhabitants see no other alterna-



COMMANDING GENERAL AND STAFF

Brigadier-General Otter (seated), commanding Canadian Militia in camp. Lieutenant-Colonel Denison, Chief of Staff, on the left

tive than annexation or ruin. The proposition now is that the United States should pay Denmark \$7,000,000—the amount agreed upon in the treaty of 1867, which the Senate refused to ratify. Such an offer would be extremely tempting to Denmark, which rejected a bid of \$5,000,000 two years ago by



LEADERS OF THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT LOUISVILLE

General Stephen D. Lee, of Columbus, Mississippi, the late General Commander, and staff. The fifteenth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Louisville, June 14 to 16, was probably the greatest gathering the dwindling ranks of the gray will ever muster

one vote in Parliament. The islands are now a heavy burden on the Danish Treasury, which has to contribute about \$70,000 a year to the support of their government. Small as that is, it is nearly twice as much as the entire value of the trade between Denmark and the colony, both ways. The Danish Government has difficulty in meeting its own expenses, but \$7,000,000 would pay all the interest on the national debt of the kingdom for over three years.

RADIAUM AS A POSSIBLE LIFE-GIVER

ANOTHER ADVANCE has been made toward the solution of the mystery of life. At the Cavendish Laboratory, of Cambridge, England, Professor John Butler Burke has found that when radium is boiled in test tubes of bouillon curious results are obtained. Instead of the absolute sterilization that would be produced in the absence of the radium there is a growth of small rounded objects resembling bacteria, but unlike them in the fact that they are soluble in warm water. These singular bodies, the largest of which is less than the sixty-thousandth of an inch in diameter, divide and multiply, and otherwise simulate life. Professor Burke does not assert that they actually are alive—all he will say is that the results of his experiments have "suggested vitality." In default of any better name he has called

the things "radiobes," to mark the part played by radium in their production. Professor Loeb, of the University of California, who has hitherto been the most advanced experimenter in the development of life, has produced wonderful effects in the artificial fertilization of the eggs of marine animals, but he has always had the eggs to start with, and they have been alive. Neither he nor any one else until now has ever crossed the chasm between life and not-life, but it is that chasm which some think Professor Burke has begun to bridge.

A BLUNDER CORRECTED

THE MONUMENTAL genius who conceived the idea of bestowing upon a ship used for training future naval officers the only name for which the American navy has ever had cause to blush has lost his hypnotic power over the Government. Captain Schroeder, Chief of the Bureau of Intelligence, called the attention of Secretary Mor-

ton to the obvious fact that *Chesapeake* was no fit name for any warship of the United States, especially for any in which young officers would be expected to imbibe patriotic inspiration. His résumé of events familiar to President Roosevelt as the historian of the naval war of 1812 led the President to order the correction of a blunder for which there never was any excuse. The training ship which has been branded as the *Chesapeake* for seven weary years will hereafter bear the name of the historic river dear to all Annapolis cadets—the *Severn*.

CLIMBING SKYWARD

NEW YORK has the promise of the highest structure in the world, not counting the Eiffel Tower, which is simply a steel hoopskirt. One of the great insurance companies is to build a monumental tower, 560 feet high, for which its present imposing eleven-story office building will be merely a base. The Washington Monument, 555 feet high, is now the loftiest inclosed structure in the world. Had the plans proposed for the city building at the end of the Brooklyn Bridge been carried out, New York would have had an enormous office tower, 600 feet in height, which would have been beyond all rivalry. But though small compared with that, the new insurance sky-scraper will throw all existing structures into the shade.

Aside from the thousand-foot Eiffel Tower there are four edifices made with hands which exceed 500 feet in height—the Washington Monument, 555; the Pyramid of Cheops, 520, and the two spires of the Cathedral of Cologne, 501. If the engineers had their way, unrestrained by considerations of light, air, beauty and finance, they would have no trouble in filling our cities with office buildings a thousand feet high.

REGULARS AND MILITIA IN CANADA

CANADIAN public opinion is agitated by a change in the military policy of the Government. Hitherto the Dominion has depended upon the militia as its first and only line of defence. The only standing force has been a small instructional corps of about 1,200 men. The recent decision of the British Government to withdraw its garrisons from

a standing army upon the neck of the Canadian taxpayer. At the same time it is asserted that the militia, the country's pride, now of a paper strength of about 40,000 men, is to be cut down. The Government denies any intention to cripple the militia, but its order fixing the strength of an infantry regiment at 120 privates seems to leave it little more than a skeleton. The Opposition policy is no standing army and a militia of 100,000 men.

RACING TO DISASTER

THE RACE between the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads over the thousand-mile New York and Chicago course had a tragic interruption on June 21 when the Central's Twentieth Century Limited, eastbound, ran into an open switch at Mentor, Ohio, on its fourth trip, killing nineteen people and injuring eighteen, some of them fatally, besides three missing. The train was running at sixty or seventy miles an hour when it struck the switch, which had been locked open, either negligently or in malice—apparently the latter. The engine jumped from the rails directly in front of the station, plowed along the side of the track, and smashed against the freight house, which it wrecked. The first two cars plunged into the ruins of the locomotive, crumpling up and catching fire. In this heap of blazing fire, in this heap of martyrdom from debris the heartrending scenes of martyrdom from fire and steam so hideously familiar in railroad disasters were repeated. The passengers in the rear cars were not hurt and helped to save those caught in the wreck. The calamity naturally did not help to popularize long-distance racing, although it had no immediate connection with the speed of the train. It was one that might have happened to any train, after the conditions had been prepared for it.



OUR GREATEST VOLCANO IN ERUPTION

Kilauea, the monster volcano on the island of Hawaii, is now in a state of unusual activity. The large cone on the right in the photograph was created on Easter Day, and has been named Easter Cone. The one on the left is now the chief centre of activity

Halifax and Esquimalt—the last remaining footholds of the British army on the soil of North America—has left to Canada the duty of manning those fortresses as her contribution to the defence of the empire. This involves some increase in the permanent Canadian establishment, and the Government has taken advantage of the opportunity to propose a regular force of about 5,000 men. The opposition denounces this plan as a scheme to plant

debris the heartrending scenes of martyrdom from fire and steam so hideously familiar in railroad disasters were repeated. The passengers in the rear cars were not hurt and helped to save those caught in the wreck. The calamity naturally did not help to popularize long-distance racing, although it had no immediate connection with the speed of the train. It was one that might have happened to any train, after the conditions had been prepared for it.

A FEW WORDS FROM WILHELM

By WALLACE IRWIN : : Sketches by E. W. KEMBLE



MAN vants put leedle hier pelow
Und vants dot leedle Dutch—
Der vishes vich I vish, I know,
Are nicht so fery much:
Choost Europe, Asia, Africa,
Der Vestern Hemisphere
Und a coaling-station in Japan—
Dot vill pe all dis year.

Hi-lee, hi-lo, der winds dey plow
Choost like Die Wacht am Rhein;
Und vat iss mein pelongs to Me,
Und vat iss yours iss mein!



Each hour I shange mein uniform,
Put I never shange mein mindt,
Und efery day I make ein spooch
To benefit mankindt:
Race Soosancide, der Nation's Pride,
Divorce und Public Sins—
I talk so much like Roosenfeldt
I dink ve must pe tvins!

Hi-lee, hi-lo, der winds dey plow
Der maxim Rule or Bust—
You gannot wreck our skyndicate
Ven Gott iss in der Trust!

Jah also, ven I vloat aroundt
Mitin mein royal yacht
I see so much vat iss nicht Dutch
Dot—ach, du lieber Gott!—
It gif me such a shtrange distress
I gannot undershant
How volks gan lif in happiness
Mitout no Vaderland!

Hi-lee, hi-lo, der winds dey plow
As I sail round apout
To gif der Nations good advice
Und sausages und kraut.



Being ein kviet Noodral Power,
I know mein chob, you bet—
I pray for Beace, und hope for War
Und keep mein powder wet;
Put ven I've nodings else to do
Put shtandt around und chat
Den der Right Divine talks nonsense t'rough
Mein military hat.

Hi-lee, hi-lo, der winds dey plow
Und softly visper dis:
"Der Kaiser he iss more as yet
Und all iss right vat Iss!"



A collage of historical newspaper clippings and advertisements from the early 20th century. The top left features a 'SOCIETY WOMEN' section with a 'Peru-na' safeguard against catarrh. The top right is an advertisement for 'Rotoliv' as a remedy for rheumatism. The center is a large box for 'CRIMINAL NEWSPAPER ALLIANCE' by Norman Mailer. The bottom left shows a 'The Sun' newspaper ad for kidney disease. The bottom right is an advertisement for 'Warner's Safe Cure' and 'Springfield Republican'.

LIARS WITH FRAUD AND POISON

R M A H A P G O O D

border this article is not an assortment of COLLIER'S advertisements illusing newspaper responsibility for patent-medicine swindles

y. It is
requently
headed
the fruit
vendors? No man is allowed to practice medicine without a license. If he does he can be arrested. If, however, he puts up a certain amount of wood alcohol and gives it an alluring name, he is allowed by our enlightened Government to prescribe it to people all over the country whom he has never seen. In this enterprise he is assisted by newspapers of every grade.

try whom he has never seen. In this enterprise he is assisted by newspapers of every grade. Thousands use patent medicines, in perfect ignorance, for the most serious complaints, as well as for purely imaginary ills created by reading symptoms. The ideal writer of patent medicine advertisements is able so to frighten the typesetter that he stops work to buy a bottle. A philosopher judges for himself whether he has cancer or indigestion, and chooses a concoction which has no better effect than a drink of whiskey straight. Babies who cry are fed with laudanum under the name of syrup. Women are led to injure themselves for life by reading in the papers about the meaning of backache. There is a bureau at Washington for the acquirement of testimonials to various drugs. When Massachusetts was about to pass a bill regulating the patent-medicine trade, this "patent-medicine lobby," as it is called, is reported to have telegraphed to the Massachusetts newspapers with which it had contracts, and the bill was killed. Testimonials are secured in various other ways. Often they are merely forged. Sometimes \$5 and \$10 are paid for them, with twenty-five cents for each letter of inquiry personally answered. Actresses give them for advertisement, Congressmen in order to conciliate the newspaper men who work for the bureau. The newspaper crimes extend even to blackmail by threatened exposure of those concerns which do not advertise.

The Quack Doctors Afford a Big Revenue to Some City Newspapers

The press has rather more ethics about fraudulent doctors than about patent-medicine swindles, but even in this more disreputable branch some papers go any distance. Several New York newspapers receive more than \$100,000 a year apiece from enabling dangerous quacks to carry on their swindles. One "Dr." Kane and an assistant named Hale took \$9,000 from one poor carpenter. They frightened their victims with "impending death" and then sold them an ordinary prescription at \$1,200 per thimbleful as radium. These two creatures were finally arrested, and are now in the penitentiary, but the papers which abetted them are, of course, at large.

The "Herald" prints the advertisement of a diploma factory in the very same issue in which the fraud is exploited in the news, and a protest is of no avail.

A prominent magistrate of New York calculates that many times as much money is secured under false pretences through grossly fraudulent publications in newspapers as is secured by burglary. Innocent people, especially the kind who support sensational papers of the Hearst type, believe whatever they read. They make no difference between the advertisements and the news columns, and indeed there is no reason why they should. The Canadian papers are even worse than ours. In both countries those papers are worst which make a great fuss about protecting the people and the interests of the poor. They all, to quote Mr. Champe S. Andrews, counsel for the New York Medical Society, "throw up their hands in horror at the thought of a policeman protecting vice." He argues that, as there seems to be no hope that newspapers will voluntarily give up such iniquitous sources of revenue, the time

(Continued on page 22)

TOALE WOMEN:

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change
Take
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ndless chain, that's likely to break some
you don't enrich your poor blood,
Cardui.

your symptoms are chronic dis-
the, dragging down pains, etc.
and you will soon be well. Your
return. Your nerves will recover
Your blood will tinge your
the rosy bloom of health.

Louis ~~Globe~~-Democrat.



THE 55TH PODOL REGIMENT GOING INTO POSITION NEAR SANDEPU, IN THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN

This photograph, as well as the others printed with this article, was made by Victor K. Bulla, Collier's Russian photographer with General Kuropatkin's forces. On the back of every print the photographer has written a description of the event pictured, so that in spite of the apparent absurdity of a regiment going into battle led by a full brass band, this picture shows precisely what obsolete methods are in use in the Russian army.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AT THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN

By FREDERICK McCORMICK

Illustrated with photographs by Victor K. Bulla, Collier's photographer with the Russian forces in Manchuria

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Mr. McCormick is the American Associated Press correspondent attached to the Russian Army. He has been with General Kuropatkin's forces (now under General Linevitch as Commander-in-Chief) throughout the Manchurian campaign, and was the only foreign correspondent present at the battle of Mukden. Mr. McCormick had every opportunity to witness the battle, and he is the only correspondent from whom the story of the battle of Mukden has come from the Russian side. His manuscript was delayed by the censor at Harbin, and took many weeks to reach this country by mail across Siberia and Europe. It is the first detailed account of the great fight by one who actually saw it. The present article describes the battle up to the moment that Kuropatkin's retreat began. The retreat will be described in another article, to be published in an early issue. The story of the battle of Mukden is especially interesting at the present time in connection with the existing situation in Manchuria.

MAJOR-GEN. SAMSONOFF
A Cossack chief, in command of one of the cavalry divisions

"WITHIN six hours," said the Russians, "we would ourselves have attacked." But in the great battle fought around Mukden, the Japanese, always informed and eternally ready, took up their own grappling tactics and closed against the Russian left on February 23, fencing for grasp upon their large and unwieldy enemy. At last—and the Japanese strike with the swiftness and vagary of light-

ning—they creep to their attack here and there, first with a blow in the foothills east of Er-ta-kou, now along the railway, now in the eastern mountains, and lastly on our extreme right, pushing the left flank back over the mountains, and take the Ta pass, which opens to them the direct road to Fushun and Tieling.

The veteran General Linevitch, commanding the eastern army, moves from Kuan-shan to the eastward, where he steadies his wavering line, but strips of troops the left centre from which he comes.

At this moment it is fully apparent that a state of

affairs exists such as might awe a world. A great army, that had intended to be itself the aggressor, pauses to discover the enemy's intention. A hostile demonstration throughout the greatest field-works ever constructed by the strongest armies ever pitched in battle, after three months of preparation, electrifies Mukden, and recreates and multiplies all previous anxieties. In four days, although the battle shall last yet ten, the army, already under the most sinister conviction, is afraid to look into the future. For now, on February 28, the Japanese open fire in the centre with their unmatchable Port Arthur siege guns. The hearts of the commanders there sink to the lowest ebb. To them nothing like this has ever occurred. The Japanese who have bombarded the famous Putilof Hill now three days commence with eleven-inch shells under which nothing lives, and in twelve hours the works there which it had taken four months to perfect are demolished! At the same time four of these awful projectiles fall upon Er-ta-kou, further eastward, and the Russian line prepares for a Japanese night assault, which is almost certain to take place. The most significant and ominous event that had ever transpired on the Sha-ho occurred this day, when these monstrous engines of dissolution fell there, for they announced that the invincible army of the Mikado was prepared to wrest the grand fortifications of the Sha-ho and the "Second Capital" of China from the grand army of the Czar. And the effect of this upon the officers and staff of the centre produced a situation which one who has witnessed it can never forget. General Zarubaieff returned in the night from a consultation with the commander-in-chief, and related that in Mukden the very street arabs shouted out after him to inquire if he was not going to Tieling. "Tieling capitan? Tieling bolshoi capitan?" said they. The base of one of these eleven-inch shells that had fallen on Er-ta-kou is brought into the mess-room, and an officer examining it remarks, with dread anticipation:

"One of these shells may fall here at any moment!" and walks away. Another says, "It is impossible to hold the line here now, our position is untenable."

But such is the buoyancy, or indifference, or quaintness of the Russian character, that they call for the saddest and most affecting music from a regimental



EARTHWORKS AND ARTILLERY ON THE CREST OF PUTILOF HILL

This hill, called by the Japanese "Lone Tree Hill," was the key to the Russian position on the Sha-ho. From its summit the Japanese could enfilade both the eastern and western Russian defences. Putilof, with two regiments, on October 18 last, assaulted and recaptured the height, which had been taken the day previously by the Japanese. Fully 5,000 men were killed in the action. Many subsequent assaults were made by the Japanese, but it was not until four months later that they succeeded in recovering the position—meanwhile heavily fortified by the Russians.

MAJOR-GEN. PUTILOF
Who recaptured Lone Tree Hill, which was renamed in his honor

band which has just arrived. With the languid measures of a waltz are mingled tales of momentary tragedies of the outposts, the low roll of the night guns, and the midnight clatter of the rifles as the Japanese make another assault on Putilof.

But let us go on with the thunder, for there's plenty of it. The Russian outposts in the vicinity of Putilof fall back two miles. Putilof is untenable! That once proud stronghold, which it cost three thousand lives to secure, and which remained valiantly defended more than four months, now falls ingloriously to the mean contention of the outposts. Half-way to Keng-ta-jen-shan, where the Japanese on the night of the 25th had to leave behind them a hundred and ten dead and wounded, to remain on the field for two days under fire from both sides, they have to-day charged the Russian outposts ten times with hand grenades. This evening they succeeded in advancing two miles nearer to Lin-chien-hu-tun, rendering the Keng-ta-jen-shan road impassable and covering it with both shell and rifle fire. General Zavubaeff has given orders to allow the Japanese to remove their dead and wounded if they so elect. But they show no inclination of doing so. All night, guided by torch signals, they charge the outposts, approaching within fifty paces before firing and even arriving inside the Russian lines with grenades in hand. The maimed and wounded crawl about in the firing zone, lifting themselves up sometimes, only to fall back helplessly.

The Russian operations in the centre have so far been confined to the artillery, with which they have made an unprecedented demonstration to relieve the pressure on their flanks. Relatively small manifestations by the Japanese against the centre give rise to a fear, however, that the main attack may be launched against that portion of our lines. Under the shelling from siege guns, the shriek of hand grenades, and the explosion of ground mines, the Russians prepare for those desperate Port Arthur assaults—those methods of terror already repeatedly imitated here for the purpose merely of securing delay. The Russians having mined the Sha-ho at Lin-shen-pu, an impregnable redoubt less than a verst west of the railway, blow up a Japanese redoubt in that village and simultaneously rush the Sha-ho bridge at the railway. But they hold it for but a brief interval before they have to retire to their original position. The officers regret the weakness of their force—scant two regiments—as they are still persuaded that the Japanese may rush the centre. But Kuropatkin is under no misapprehension as to the real drift of the contest, and is hurrying troops across the railway in response to a continuous demand for reinforcements to arrest the progress of the Japanese in the west.

For four days the Russians receive and meet the attack, falling back in the east, holding on grimly to the west, and making a gigantic counter-demonstration in the centre. And now the final battle is on in earnest.

Rennenkampf, while temporarily commanding Mischenko's mixed force that guards the extreme right flank, has scouted along the Japanese left and discovered that it is impossible to advance there. He is now hurrying back to the east, to his own command, to find its headquarters at Ma-chun-tan, twenty miles behind the spot where he left them. A hundred miles of battle line! General Rennenkampf has traversed the entire front. No sooner has he returned to his own camp than he learns that the right flank, which he has just left, has been partially paralyzed, and is being rolled up like his own. This is March 1, the second day of the final struggle.

The right again calls for reinforcements. It gets them on March 2, and loses once more in a pitched engagement at Tao-tai-tzu, on the south bank of the Hun. This army, now thrice beaten, understands at last with awe that it is being attacked and crumpled up by the invincible Nogi himself. The name of Nogi is to the



GENERAL KAULBARS AND HIS STAFF WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE DURING A DUST STORM

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Russians what that of Achilles was to the defenders of Troy. Ever since the fall of Port Arthur they have tried to locate him. Each of the three Russian armies has stood in equal dread of him, of his eleven-inch guns, and of his invincible, bandy-legged, 203-Metre Hill conquerors. Now he is discovered. And Kuropatkin orders the right flank in its entirety to fall further back.

and get a glimpse of prisoners arriving from the front. They return in haste to devise means of escape or plan for remaining. I meet a young merchant who owns ten thousand cases of champagne, the whole of the China coast stock, which he has brought to Mukden in order to create a monopoly. The prospect of Mukden without Russians is to him a nightmare. The Greek and Armenian sutlers, who have retreated all the way from Haicheng, damn the Russians openly as they prepare once more to fling away large stocks of valuable merchandise. Bedlam is impending in this place as night closes.

Dawn brings no respite. The cannoneade goes on undiminished. From the top of the Kuan-shan hill the Red Cross cars can be seen creeping over the thin field-railway tracks to the position, and infantry reinforcements from the east file along the military roads to the west and south. A snow-storm sets in, obscuring the enemy and the bursting shells, and by the nervous apprehension which it causes accelerates the artillery conflict. When the sky suddenly clears in the afternoon the wide miles of plain within the zone of two or three hundred siege guns, as well as field artillery, between Putilof and the railway, is a mass of artillery smoke, with geysers of vapor, smoke, and débris hurled high into the heavens. An almost continuous artillery engagement, with rifle fire interspersed, has now for two days marked the desperate demonstration of the Russian army in the centre to mitigate the disaster on the right, where Oku is wedging in between the Second and Third Armies toward the Hun railway bridge. The Russians have recovered something in the extreme east, and for a moment it looks as though the Japanese advance might

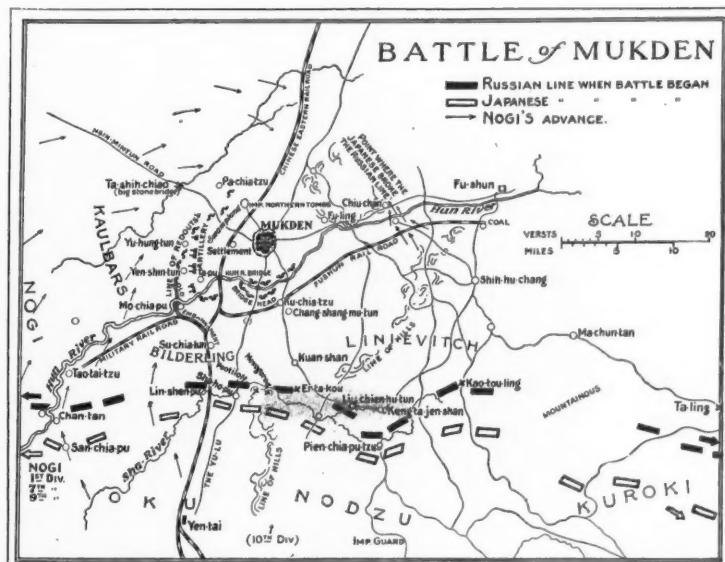
be checked. But early in the morning the remains of the First Army headquarters are removed from Kuan-shan. The army stores are hurriedly decamped. All troops, transports, Red Cross camps, and artillery parks move out. Buildings are being destroyed.

The effect upon the mind is depressing, for it shows how, with ironical and deadly recurrence, another impressive and showy fortress position of the Russians has to fall before the irresistible onslaught of the Japanese. The siege works and all the interminable military paraphernalia of a thousand square miles of this sanguinary theatre are going, as it were, like jack-straws.

The front is now about twenty versts from Mukden on the southwest, and the Japanese rapidly push up to Mo-chai-pu on the Hun, where they arrive on the 4th, and where the Russians destroy two bridges and prepare to fall further back. At the same time the region of the village of Yen-shih-tun, four versts further north, becomes the scene of a conflict lasting five days. General Bilderling, commanding the Third Army, moves his headquarters from near Su-chia-tun, north of Lin-shen-pu, to a village east of the railway on the south bank of the Hun. In four days the Japanese march forty versts, fighting four desperate and successful battles, and turn the Russian right.

And each day, like a call of fate, comes the report from the western end of the field: "Nogi is flanking."

Kuropatkin reassures the army and rides in person along the western position, appealing to the infantrymen to stick tenaciously and unfailingly to the dirt where they stand. Following in the track of the Commander-in-Chief, we interrogate a soldier who speaks with pride of the infantry of which he is one, refers slightly to the cavalry and artillery, and discloses what he has just heard from the mouth of his high chief, that it is upon him the successful defence of the line depends. It is, indeed, the infantry which as heretofore remains the reliance and bulwark of armies. Kuropatkin only emphasized what the latest and most scientific of all wars has abundantly proved.



The persistence and determination of the Japanese leave no doubt as to the significance of the moment. The Chinese know that the decisive hour has come. The foreign merchants, hitherto confident that the Russians could not be dislodged from their Manchurian stronghold, are now seized by sudden panic that makes them venture out to the very battlefield. There they see the Red Cross tumbrils rolling in with their ugly freight,



RUSSIAN FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE BATTLE

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WOUNDED RUSSIANS CONDUCTING JAPANESE PRISONERS TO THE REAR

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Not a night has now passed since the 23d of February that the Japanese have not attacked the entire Sha-ho line with monotonous trip-hammer cannon-fire, shrapnel-scared, battle-scared, shrapnel-tired. Too much has been expected of them. Most of them are peasants. Some look like mere domestics. Many of their comrades have gone over to the enemy.

Kuropatkin, on the 3d, declares himself satisfied with the situation. On the 5th he proceeds to execute plans for the breaking of the enemy's line on the west, where it is most extended and seemingly at the mercy of the Russians. To drive Nogi back? It sounds strange. But Kuropatkin has concentrated his army along the west for that purpose. Day after day Nogi has searched and exorcised the entire Russian redoubt position exposed to him on the west, hammering his opponents into their shallow defences, into the very furrows of the ground which they occupy, with an expenditure of life, determination, and persistence almost unexampled. But with the 1st Siberian Corps, which was all but wiped out at San-chia-pee, and which has been revamped with a scratch miscellany under General Gerngoo, together with some other troops, Kuropatkin now makes his grand move and falls upon Nogi's centre on the Sintun road leading to Tashchao.

Across the front comes a squadron of cavalry in open order, deliberately retiring under fire to low ground from where, now out of view, they file in behind the walls of a village and halt. Past me trickles the slow, weary file of wounded in litters, born by soldiers not unhappy thus to get away from the firing line. In four successive litters are Japanese. The men have spread their coats over the unfortunates. Now and then, when they let them down to rest, they ease them clumsily. It is one of the most touching spectacles of the battlefield, this awkward kindness with which the soldiers minister to each other.

The losses are estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand—name your own figure—and the Japanese persist in their counter-move at Yu-hung-tun, nine versts west of Mukden walls. The siege guns begin there an hour before dawn. The place is taken and retaken, and is now Rus. in now Japanese. The combatants lie dead in each other's grasp in the streets, in courts and dwellings, their rifles, bayonets, and sabres wrenched. But this wretched Chinese village can not be surrendered, as it would enable the Japanese to shell Mukden station with their field guns. The First Siberian Regiment—the "Emperor's Own"—loses more than a thousand men, and of all the Ureosky Regiment—originally about twenty-four hundred—only six hundred and nineteen men and two officers survive at five o'clock! All the tragedies of the battle of the Sha-ho are repeated.

And now Kuropatkin, having reassured his generals and taken upon himself all the responsibility for what he is about to do, signs in his car at Mukden an ordinance commanding the withdrawal of the army of the south front to the prepared position on the Hun River, sealing forever the fate of the magnificent Sha-ho position, still creditably held. Night closes ominously. Gerngoo has not succeeded and the determination of the flankers is telling.

Before the order is signed, General Kaulbars, commander of the second army, begs for another trial to crush the Japanese on the west. When the order reaches the generals of the first army along the south and east, there is consternation and chagrin. General Rennenkampf, who since his return from the extreme right has been attacked daily during eight consecutive days, has taken three machine guns. He now telegraphs for permission to hold his well-defended positions. But Kuropatkin is under no delusion as to the drift of the conflict. Oku's and Nogi's "iron brigades," as a Russian officer calls them, threaten to crush the entire right wing. In accordance with their intention, they have forced the Russian army out of its stronghold, and that army is now about to abandon a great zone hallowed by its blood and planted with its dead.

And now the genius which guided the retreat of the army from Haicheng, An-shan-chan, Ku-chai-tzu, and Liao-Yang is again making itself felt. If the Japanese do not soon break the right wing they will break the centre, and already they are beginning to prevail along

the western front. The army whispers that Nogi has another "unknown division." Each day he turns anew the amazed right, flanking and reflanking. Batteries and men from the south line are racing north to no avail. Kuropatkin falls back to his redoubts and to Yu-hung-tun, and clings to them grimly. There war piles horror on horror. The position is charged nightly by the Japanese and held at most terrible cost. Last



Lieut.-Gen. Kaulbars Questioning a Japanese Prisoner

It was not until the Russians began to bring back such prisoners as fell into their hands during the first night attacks that the Russian staff knew that it was Nogi who was hammering in their right

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night the Japanese were again repulsed at Putilof, Keng-ta-jen-shan, and Kao-tou-ling. The positions are still almost unchanged in the south. But at the same time there is no doubt of the progress of a gradual Japanese enveloping movement.

The roads are lined with stragglers and malingerers. "They will not stay in the ranks because they are men nervously unfit to be soldiers," a Russian tells me.

Poor fellows! Some are wounded. All are front-scared, battle-scared, shrapnel-tired. Too much has been expected of them. Most of them are peasants. Some look like mere domestics. Many of their comrades have gone over to the enemy.

Armies are moving north by all roads. It has been the hardest day since the beginning. The battle has already surpassed in scope the battle of the Sha-ho. Before it ends it will have exceeded in magnitude any battle that ever was. The Japanese appear more determined than ever, and are persisting at all points along a front of more than fifteen miles on the west to reach the railway.

And now it is the 9th—the day of the end. Last evening the Japanese rushed a village on the northwest and took and held several isolated houses with machine guns. It is still repeated from mouth to mouth that Kuropatkin has declared himself satisfied with the situation. This statement of confidence holds the army steady. But along the western front the dead lie unburied since four days.

And now one last look, the last we shall have of the tragic field of Mukden. There is blood of one kind and another everywhere. Here thousands of reserves lie sleeping among dead draught animals and débris of slaughtered cattle and sheep. Bursting shrapnel all around. Six horses are killed by a shrapnel not a hundred feet from my track. A brisant routs a wagon-train just ahead of me, but the soldiers heed not; they only quarrel about the horse feed. Wounded Japanese pass by on litters, each litter resting on the shoulders of four Russian soldiers; dead and wounded in closed mule litters, carts and wagons.

Here is a battery momentarily quiet. The gunners sit in the mouth of their bridle (bomb-proof) ready to rush out and meet the enemy's fire. In the village on the Hun at the redoubts stand the gun horses half asleep, while the guns in front are worked furiously. Back toward the railway the road is being plowed into dust by the caissons that feed the guns. Along the road leading up the railway, march, as best they may, half a dozen wounded Japanese prisoners. Behind them trail a mile of Russian cannon in rapid retreat. The troops pour north. It can not be disguised. They look downcast, beaten, discouraged, these veterans of so many hard-fought battles, all of which have ended in final defeat. The Japanese have now crowded up through the smoke and desolation of the southern plain to the bridge-head south of Mukden. They are but five versts from the Hun on the Yu-hu or Chinese Imperial cart-road. At three in the afternoon a part of the Russian vanguard invest the redoubt at the railway bridge abutment on the north bank, and begin to search the hazy, dusty plain beyond the river for the enemy. Add to fifty miles of summer haze on the west and south the smoke of a thousand square miles of burning fuel, and forage stores and villages, the smoke of many battles raging simultaneously, the gloom of a great Mongolian dust-storm, which has suddenly sprung up, enveloping the whole vast battlefield in a darkness almost equal to that of night. So overwhelming is the gloom that the battle seems to stop and nothing is heard but the wind. Much anxiety is felt as to what strategical use the Japanese are making of the storm. It is suspected they are utilizing the obscurity to shift their guns.

Kuropatkin has pushed the Japanese army away at points north of the Imperial Northern Tombs. He has held all his lines two days, and it seems as if the Japanese could not turn him out of his position. The clock has just struck four. To-morrow we shall know that at this hour General Linevitch's line gave way at a point east of Fuling where the Japanese hurled themselves upon it under cover of the dust-storm, and that the fate of the Hun River position is sealed. We do not know yet. But the Commander-in-Chief knows it.

Before sundown the storm lifts long enough to enable the artillery to renew its firing. Suddenly the roar of the guns is heard from every point of the half-circle along which the army is lined. What has been happening while the storm veiled the battlefield? The first thing I learn is that Kuropatkin's train with his headquarters has hurriedly gone north at nightfall. The city itself, the entire Hun position, the hospitals filled with wounded, everything that can not be moved is slated for abandonment. The fight is given up at last. Thus closes the scene of conflict at Mukden. The great battle is over. The army, beaten as it has never before been beaten, now seeks its escape.

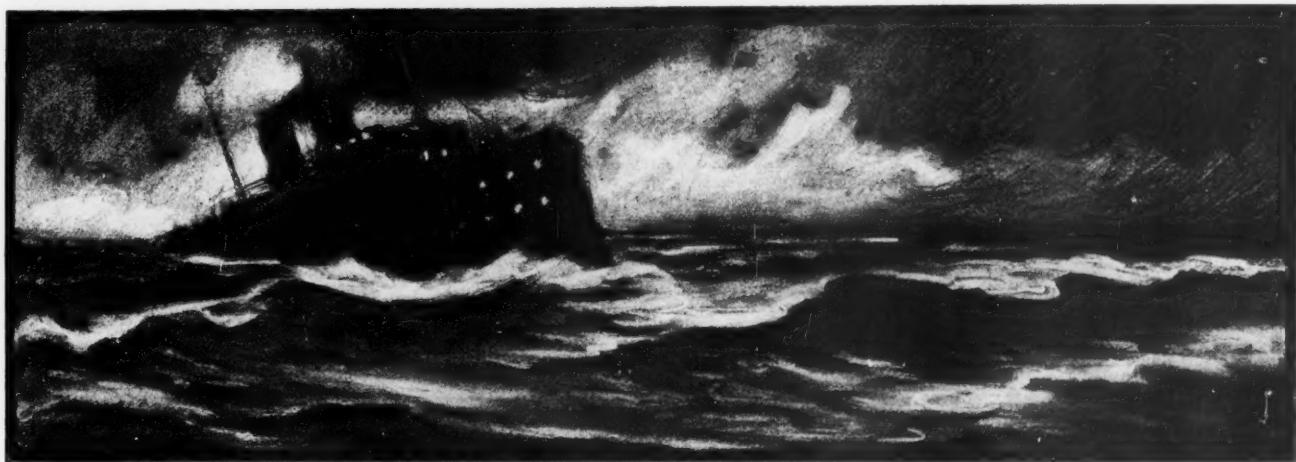


THE ENDLESS LINE OF WOUNDED—HOBBLING ALONG AND BORNE ON LITTERS

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THE RIOTER

THE STORY OF A POLISH BOY AND THE PART HE PLAYED IN A STOCKYARD STRIKE



JOHN SOBOTSKI was kneeling in the soft black soil of the turnip field which surrounded the little hut where his father and mother and their family of seven children lived in three rooms. He was the eldest, just turned seventeen. His feet were bare, though the May winds were still cold and his head was covered only by a thick tangle of matted brown hair. He had tucked up the tails of his faded and greasy brown shirt, so that they might be out of the way as he worked up and down the long lines of turnips, pulling the weeds and packing the dirt more tightly about the roots.

By rising to his feet and looking over the flat plain to the south, he might have seen the cross on the Church of Saint Stanislaus in the City of Plock, on the bank of the broad Vistula, but he had no mind for that. Once, five years ago, he had gone to Plock with his father to sell a sheep, but since that time the family had had no animals to sell; none, in fact, for any purpose. It had been all they could do to scratch a bare living out of the earth with their hands.

John Sobotski's back ached from long stooping, but he was used to that. It was the normal condition of life. Up and down the long lines of the field he crawled on all fours, like some grimy animal—from the pile of stones at one end, which separated his father's little patch of ground from that of Caspar Wysocki, to the pile of stones at the other which marked the beginning of Peter Bug's holding. For the hundredth time he was turning when from the far side of the stones came the bay of a hound. Over his flat dish face, with its small, unformed features, came a sudden expression of animal rage. He started to rise to his feet and caught at a long wooden hoe which lay on the ground beside him. But the dogs were over first. Before them ran a rabbit, fully extended. Helter-skelter they dashed across the turnip field, crushing the young plants into the ground in their mad flight. John Sobotski screamed with rage, and, brandishing the impotent hoe, started to run heavily across the field after them, his bare feet sinking heavily into the loam. But before he had reached the boundary of the field the dogs and their quarry were almost out of sight. When he turned, it was to see a party of horsemen leaping the stone wall in pursuit of the hounds. The feet of the horses cut deep holes in the long lines of growing turnips as they plowed heavily across the fields. They galloped directly toward him, and a red mist of rage came before the boy's eyes as he saw the ruin of his work. He ran to meet them, screaming out a torrent of Polish curses.

In front rode two young men, one a tall fellow with black pointed beard, wearing a military uniform and riding a great roan stallion; the other a fair-haired man, smooth-shaven and bearing, even to John Sobotski's inexperienced eyes, a distinctly foreign look. Behind them followed a dozen others, strung out for two hundred yards.

As he ran, the boy stooped down and picked up a lump of dirt which he threw with all his strength at the strange rider. It struck his horse in the breast, and by way of answer the officer on the sorrel stallion leaned to one side and struck John Sobotski across the face with his riding whip. The boy fell as if he had been shot, his arms stretched out before him. He lay thus at full length and writhed and wallowed in the soft dirt of the field, face downward. He would have torn to pieces with his bare hands the man who struck him, no less than the other at whom he had thrown the clod, but he was torn instead with the knowledge of his own utter impotence.

His father found him still lying face downward when he came an hour later to see what had become of his son.

The boy lifted his head in answer to his father's call. Across his face ran the red welt of the whip.

"In the name of the great Saint Michael," burst out the old man, the look of a cowed dog on his face.

"Look, father," said the boy, waving his right hand, ingrained with dirt and deformed by toil; over the ruined field.

By HENRY M. HYDE

The old man sank down on the ground and covered his face with his hands. Tears ran down his long gray beard. His tall, gaunt figure shook with sobs.

"Come," he said finally, "To-night," he went on, as the two plodded with bent shoulders across the turnip field to the hut, "to-night we must see Peter Zalenski."

The younger children were asleep when the boy and his father reached home. The evening pot was already boiling, and John and his father hurried to finish their meal, while the old mother questioned her son.

"The great men from Plock rode after rabbits," said the old man. "They came through our field and John swore curses at them. He threw clods of dirt and hit the horse of one of the great, who struck him with the whip. To-night we must see Peter Zalenski."

"Oh, my son!" burst out the old woman in a torrent of tears. "My son! And the turnips!"

Sobotski and his son came cautiously across the fields in the darkness to the back door of Peter Zalenski's big house. He was the head man of the peasants about Plock, a shrewd old graybeard, who owned many versts of land and who seemed to possess some mysterious and secret influence with the Russian Governor himself.

Zalenski let them into the kitchen. "Welcome to you, Brother John and the boy," he said. "You may have chairs." They sat down in awkward silence while Zalenski filled cups with tea and the three drank together. "Now tell," said old Zalenski.

Slowly and stammeringly Sobotski told the story as

he had heard it from his son. "And so," he concluded, "John has cursed the great and our turnips are ruined! What shall become of us?"

Zalenski threw up his hands above his head with a gesture of despair. "It was the Governor himself who rode," he cried. "He will never forgive one whom he has struck in the face with his whip. The welt itself will serve as witness against your son."

John Sobotski raised one hand and touched the raised red line which ran across his face from eye to chin.

"He will be punished?" asked the father.

"Siberia—the knout—who knows?"

The boy and his father shuddered in their ignorance. "That who rode with him was a foreigner, also a great man. He is one of the Princes of Chicago in that great America. They are all Princes in that land."

He stopped for a moment, then went on as if struck by a sudden inspiration.

"Brother Sobotski," he said. "It is to that America our son John must go, and at once."

"Across so many versts of ocean!" pleaded the old man. "We can not let the boy be taken away from us!"

"Next year," said Zalenski cunningly, "he will be eighteen. Then there is the army waiting for him with its red mouth wide open. Already Japan growls to the East. And to the south is India. There will be a hot death for many of our young men, brother. Poland, alas, is no longer Poland."

Old Sobotski sat up straight in his chair and shuddered. John looked on as if he were an animal which did not understand that its fate was the subject under discussion.

"But the money!" said the old father. "The money for so long a journey?"

"Have you then no store laid away?" asked Zalenski, a cunning leer of affected sympathy in his cold, dead eyes.

The old peasant hesitated. The little roll of rubles hidden under a flat stone in a corner of the hut was like life-blood to him. On the other hand stood his deadly fear and his deadly love for his son.

"But what should John do in this America?" he asked, temporizing. Zalenski took it that the victory was already won.

"John shall go straight from here to work which shall pay him more than ten rubles a week. Ten rubles, brother! That American Prince who rides with the Governor is lord of many cattle and great killing pens. In the hollow of his hand he holds the food of half the world. To me, in secret, he has given his princely word that work waits there for a hundred of our young men. And ten rubles a week! Think of that, brother! How soon shall our son John, himself, become a mighty prince? They are all princes in America."

"Silver or paper rubles?" asked old Sobotski.

"It may be silver; it may be paper. I do not know. But if paper, where else may our son John earn half so much?"

"I have then scarce fifty dirty paper rubles laid up toward the purchase of a horse and cart and for mass-money," said Sobotski hesitatingly. "But that—"

Zalenski interrupted. "Thank the good saints for a prudent father," he said. "Then all shall be arranged. I shall take that money, and for the rest you shall give me the security of your turnip field."

"But no," cried the old peasant, starting to his feet.

"I can not—"

"Very well, then, brother. John shall be taken away to the army and—as you are already a rich man—a fine, perhaps—"

The elder Sobotski trembled in his chair. "How much then for all?" he asked.

"Because that we are brothers, poor peasants both, it shall be light. You shall give me the fifty dirty paper rubles and your turnip field as security for no more than a hundred more."

"So much?"

"Is it so much then, ungrateful one? Listen. There is the matter of a passport, which I, out of my kind-



A red mist of rage came before the boy's eyes

ness, must arrange. The hand that grants favors is troubled with the itch, brother. There is the passage down the Vistula in a wood boat to Dantzig. There is the journey across so many thousand versts of ocean in a ship greater than the Governor's palace in Plock. There is the land journey to the estate of this Prince of Chicago. It is further than from Plock to Moscow. And all this I do for a hundred and fifty dirty paper rubles. And think of our son, John, then, at the end of it, with his ten rubles every week! It shall be so arranged. John will wait here while you fetch the fifty rubles, and I will make the security paper."

The stolid-faced boy sat still and said nothing, while his father got up, trembling all over with excitement and fear, and slipped out of the house. The old man hurried across the black fields at a dog-trot. He found his wife sitting in the doorway of their darkened hut.

To her he told the result of the conference with Zalenski, and that he had come to get the fifty rubles from their hiding-place.

"You shall not touch them!" screamed the old woman. He pushed past her into the room, but she followed, clinging to the tails of his shirt. He threw her from him roughly, seized the roll of notes from beneath the stone, and rushed out again into the night.

On the floor sat the old woman wailing.

"Our son! Our money and our turnips!" she cried. Zalenski counted the roll of money with greedy eyes, and thrust it into the pouch which hung at his belt.

"To-morrow, at this hour," he said, "the passport shall be ready. On Monday the wood boat passes up the river to Dantzig and John shall take it. Here is the security paper."

Old Sobotski, to whom all writing was Sanscrit, signed a cross at the place pointed out to him.

"Brother," said the money-lender, "our son John must now learn his lesson. At the dock where the steamer waits there will be those who will ask him if he has work waiting for him in America. He must say no. For in that America, where all men are princes, they are jealous of us who come to work for so great wages. They have made a law that would keep us away, and John must say no when they ask. So at the great City of New York other men will come and ask and he must say no. But there will be waiting a Pole, one of us from Plock, and he will see that our son John goes straight on to where that ten rubles week waits him. Do you understand?" he asked, turning to the boy. John nodded his head.

"There will be ten other of our young men to go at the same time," went on Zalenski. "So our son John will not be lonesome. And think, brother, of the letters that will come back from Chicago with a five-ruble note at the least in every one. I am a fool that I take your turnip field as security for no more than a hundred dirty rubles."

"To-morrow night at this time the passport will be ready," he said, in dismissing them.

After they had gone, Zalenski sat for a time, counting up his profits. The passport, it was true, would cost him five rubles, to be paid to a clerk in the big white palace of the Governor in Plock. But that would be more than made up for by the money he would receive as John's wages on the Vistula wood boat, for old Zalenski's recruits worked their way to Dantzig by the hardest kind of hard labor. Then there was his commission on the purchase of the steamship ticket, Zalenski acting as an unofficial emigration agent for one of the big German lines. When John reached Chicago and went to work at the packing house, which had indirectly contracted for his services, Zalenski knew that he would receive a further commission from the Polish employment agent on Canal Street, through whose assistance the packers evaded the law. Last of all, there were old man Sobotski's fifty rubles, and the mortgage for a hundred more on the turnip field. Taken all in all, Zalenski felt that he had done a shrewd stroke of business.

Young John Sobotski, for all his seventeen years and his hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle, could neither read nor write. Yet he knew enough to cry a little when he bade his mother and father and his six little brothers and sisters good-by to start for America. One of old Zalenski's sons came to the hut in the evening to guide him to the spot on the river bank where the wood boat was in waiting. It was necessary to creep across the fields and get on board without being detected, for the other local officers were jealous of the authority and the perquisites of the Governor's clerk, and if they had caught a tall young fellow getting away on one of his passports, it would have cost old Zalenski more money to soothe the sensitive official conscience—which was a thing to be avoided.

In a patched grain sack, freshly washed, John had two extra shirts and a pair of shoes—his first, for wear after he was well started on the road toward becoming a prince. There was also a gorgeous gold-and-red striped scarf, last remnant of his mother's wedding finery—also fit for the wearing of a prince—three long pieces of sausage and some dried bread. That was all—except that when the old mother threw her arms around him and kissed him good-by, she put into the boy's hand a little leaden image of his saint in a leaden case.

On the inside of John's shirt a square piece of white cloth was sewed. It had been furnished by old Zalenski and on it was written, in indelible ink, an address: "John Sobotski, care Caspar Czakwki & Co., Canal Street, Chicago, United States of America."

John's father walked with him to the fir tree at the end of the turnip field, embraced him, and kissed him on the mouth.

"You will send the money, that I may not lose the turnip field?" the old man whispered in his ear. John nodded—because he dared not trust himself to speak—and his father stopped and stood still by the fir tree while John and the young Zalenski walked on into the night.

"Now, brother John," said Zalenski, slapping him heartily on the back, "you're a man of your own. In ten years or less you'll be a prince over there in that America. Have a drink of vodka on the prospect."

John drank from the offered bottle. It was not the first time he had tasted the fiery liquid, but now it seemed to go to the right spot, warming him where he had been cold, filling his slow veins with a new courage. He turned and looked backward. Inside the old hut an oil wick was burning. It cast a flickering light over the doorstep, on which sat his mother rocking back and forth in her grief and moaning softly to herself. She was too far away for him to hear her, but it was for him only that she cried: "My son! My son!"

helped him to get up with the toe of his boot and swore a string of guttural oaths. But by one o'clock in the morning John Sobotski was sound asleep in the dirty bunk below decks, throwing himself in without removing any of his clothing.

At Dantzig, John and some fifty other young Poles were transferred to a German coasting steamer, which slowly worked its way west through the Baltic, stopping at many ports and finally reaching, by way of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, the mouth of the Elbe River and the great shipping centre of Hamburg. On the way John Sobotski served as a roustabout, sweating uncomplainingly under the burden of great loads, which were to be carried to and from the hold of the ship. Some one took toll of his labor, but John was content that he got his passage and enough coarse food to stay hunger.

At Hamburg John and his fellows were herded together in a great pen, while German doctors poked them, made them open their mouths for inspection, and otherwise passed upon their physical fitness. At last, in a condition of complete mental confusion, they were driven over the gangplank and down into the bowels of a mighty ocean liner, which presently cast off and steamed majestically down the English Channel, and so out into the infinity of the Atlantic.

The first three days out John was very ill. He lay most of the time in his berth, fully dressed, eating nothing and praying feebly for death. Most of the other berths were occupied by men, women, and children in the same condition. The steerage stewards, with ten times more people on their hands than they could attend to, had no time to offer anything more consoling than an occasional bowl of lukewarm gruel. The steerage was a saturnalia of dirt, vermin, and indecency.

The last five days of the voyage things went better. John recovered his appetite and his strength. He walked about the quarters of the steerage passengers and looked out stolidly at the endless ocean. He was awed and frightened by everything he saw. One of his fellow passengers was a Pole, returning to America from a visit to his native land. To John the rough clothing of his new friend seemed the height of magnificence. It was plain that this man was already well on the way toward becoming an American prince. Acting on his advice, John put on the shoes he carried in his grain bag. They hurt his unaccustomed feet, but that was a small matter. He also tucked the tails of his shirt inside his trousers, and, looking at himself in the mirror, admitted that the improvement was manifest.

At Ellis Island he was again herded with the other steerage passengers, and there was more poking, throwing bright lights into his eyes, and looking down his throat. It made John nervous and feverish. Besides, he was terribly frightened by the towers and pinnacles of the vast city which lay across the bay. He felt himself helpless, homeless, a dumb animal shrinking from unknown terrors.

On the way from Ellis Island to the final landing, the Government boat passed close to a beautiful white steam yacht, which swung idly at anchor. On her deck a little group of men and women in summer costumes were gathered, gazing curiously down at the load of immigrants, gesticulating and laughing.

Suddenly the boy caught his breath and looked up again with a start. There in the centre of the group stood a tall, fair-haired, smooth-shaven young man. Though he wore white flannels now, John Sobotski recognized him at a glance as the swift rider who had plowed so relentlessly through the turnip field, and at whom he had thrown the clod of dirt. The red mist of rage swam again before the boy's eyes, and he raised his fist and shook it, with a curse, at the group on the yacht's deck.

At the landing dock in Manhattan, John Sobotski heard a strange voice call his name, and, in the welter of confusion and blind fear in which he stood, it was as welcome as the sight of land to a shipwrecked sailor.

"Here," continued the voice, as John pressed to one side out of the stream of immigrants, "come over here and wait."

Presently, when near a hundred young and middle-aged Poles had been gathered, the stranger took them in charge and marched them in body to a little hotel. There they were given food, but first the guide examined each as to what money he had. He took the two pitiful five-ruble notes from John's bag and gave him in exchange ten silver quarter dollars. It was just half what the notes were worth, but John knew no better.

That evening the hundred were loaded into two dirty immigrant cars and started on the long journey west which landed them, two days later, at the Union Station in Chicago. There they were unloaded and driven a few blocks south on Canal Street to the employment office of Caspar Czakwki & Co. Here each of them made his mark on a contract by which he bound himself to pay a dollar and a half a week for ten weeks out of total wages of six dollars, in consideration of immediate employment being furnished him.

That formality over, they were loaded into two street cars under the guidance of four men from the employment office and taken out to the south, where



They were driven over the gangplank into a mighty ocean liner

In this emergency even the fifty rubles and the turnip field were forgotten.

A little closer, under the fir tree, stood the tall, gaunt, motionless figure of his father, with the long gray beard and the faded blue shirt, the tails of which hung half-way to his knees. As long as the boy could see through the gathering darkness, the little yellow spot of light in the hut still shone, and the old man stood motionless beside the tree. When they had almost vanished in the distance, John stopped and waved one hand high above his head as a farewell signal to his father. But there was no response. Old eyes are dim.

John presently stepped from the flat shore of the Vistula on to the flat deck of the wood boat. The Captain, a burly German, with a rough yellow beard and twisted mustaches, examined his passport carefully. Then he handed something in silver to young Zalenski and turned John over to the Polish mate, who ordered him roughly to stow his bag in one of the bunks below and come on deck at once.

A hundred cords of wood, bought from the neighboring peasants, were to be loaded, and until after midnight John worked with the rest of the crew, packing the cord wood on his back from the yard two hundred feet away to the broad deck of the boat. Among his fellow workmen, John found eight or ten boys whom he knew, the sons of neighboring peasants. They also were bound for America. That was some comfort. Once he stumbled and fell on the gangplank, part of his load of wood falling into the water. The Captain

the stockyards are located. When they reached Halstead and Forty-seventh Streets, the company was divided into four gangs, and introduced into as many Polish saloons and boarding-houses combined. John was told that for a weekly payment of three dollars he could have a bunk in a room with eight other men and three meals a day. It was true that the bed he occupied by night would be slept in during the day by a member of the night gang of workers—but what matter? John was in no position to make any objection—and, besides, the beds were thoroughly aired all day on Mondays. By way of celebrating the arrival of his new compatriots, the boarding-house treated the crowd to a drink of whiskey all around. The guide from the labor agency did the same. Then he marched his gang over to the employment bureau of one of the big packing houses. The head of that department looked them over, called his assistants, and had the new men give their names and places of residence. To each was assigned a number, and they were told by the labor agent to report at half-past six o'clock the next morning at a certain door for assignment to work. Before the agent escorted them back to their boarding-house, he received from the head of the employment bureau a voucher calling for the payment of five dollars each "for twenty-five Poles, delivered in good condition on the above date."

Back at the boarding-house, the labor agent bade them good-by, stating that he would call each Saturday for the weekly payment due his employers. When he went out, the twenty-five young Poles sat down about the big saloon, and the proprietor promptly sent around a drink of whiskey. Then one of John's comrades bought a second round. Another followed. Presently, when all were more or less under the influence of the liquor, John gave the signal. The proprietor, who collected promptly after each round, swept off the little pile of silver which John laid on the bar and demanded more.

"Very well," he said good-naturedly, when John had explained that he had no more money, "then you shall owe me."

At ten o'clock that night John Sobotski went to bed very drunk. He was roused at half-past five in the morning by the man who occupied his bunk during the day. The man came in tired from his work and cursed John for a swine for not having already vacated the bed. John got up with a splitting headache, and finally found his way to the packing house where he had been assigned work. He was told off as a butcher's helper in the hog-killing room. His immediate "boss" was also a Pole. By way of initiating the greeny, he waited until John Sobotski's back was turned. Then as a hog came squealing down the trolley to have its fat throat cut, he called sharply, "Sobotski." At the same instant his keen knife flickered and he twisted the body of the stricken porker slightly, so that the sudden spurt of blood struck his helper full in the face. At which he laughed, and explained that that was John's baptism into the new business. The reek of the warm blood made John sick all over, but he braced himself and tried to laugh back.

"He's a good boy—he'll do," said the butcher.

Within a week, John got accustomed to it all. It meant nothing to him afterward that the air was fat and heavy with the smell of fresh blood, or that his own shirt was often wet with it. He even began to look forward ambitiously to the time when he might aspire to stand at the side of the hog trolley and make his sharp knife go "flick—flick—flick" through the throats of an endless procession of agonized hogs. For the hog butchers got great wages and ranked as the aristocracy of the stockyards workmen.

At the end of the first month he had saved two dollars and a half, with which he bought exchange for five rubles and got the boarding-house keeper to write a letter home to his father, telling of his prospects and inclosing the money. According to instructions received before he left Poland, the letter was sent in care of Peter Zalenski. That worthy received the letter in due time, sent for old Sobotski, opened the letter, read it, with some additions and omissions of his own, had the old man put his mark on the back of the bill of exchange, and thrust it into his own pouch.

"So you see, brother," he said, "our son John is already making good what I promised. Here is the first payment of the interest on our loan and but less than three months have gone by. Now we shall write an answer."

The money-lender took down on paper the stammering sentences of the old man, sending John Sobotski the love of his father and mother. Then he added something of his own.

"As you know, John," he wrote, "the turnip field was ruined and the winter promises to be cold. Also we are fined that our son is gone and men are needed for the army. So for the sake of your father and mother, and of the six little ones who are left to us, you must send more money and as much as possible."

It was signed with the name of John Sobotski, the elder, and his mark was below the signature.

Just after John Sobotski got this letter in Chicago, there came a strange man to the boarding-house and held long conference with the fat saloonkeeper. The evening after he had gone when John came home from his work, the saloonkeeper called him to the bar and, first of all, offered a drink.

"The election comes two months from to-morrow," he said. "It is when we who are freemen in this city say which of the great shall be rulers over us for the next two years. You, John, may go and say, and I shall give you a piece of paper on which is written what you shall say. Also one of the great will pay you for your trouble what is in our money no less than five rubles."

As a matter of fact, the saloonkeeper was paid five dollars apiece for votes, but naturally considered a commission of half that amount no more than his due. An extra five rubles, John considered, would help toward saving the turnip field—so he gladly consented.

The next evening John and some forty of his fellows were taken down town in a bunch and crowded into a dirty courtroom. An interpreter asked of them in turn certain hurried questions of which John understood the import not at all. The interpreter made such explanations as he pleased to the court, and within an hour John found himself in possession of both his first and final naturalization papers, the fees being paid by the politicians who had the party in charge. In due time John Sobotski was properly registered, and thereafter he was drilled for several evenings on the proper way in which to mark the Australian ballot. On election day he voted as he had been taught, and the saloonkeeper paid him two dollars and a half over the bar that evening. That money went also in the shape of a draft to help fill Peter Zalenski's fat coffers.

In the meantime John Sobotski began to notice a tall man with a red mustache who stood day after day at the main entrance to the stockyards, both during the noon hour and after the whistles blew at night. The tall man's name, he learned, was Thomas Tarbin, and he was the national organizer of the Brotherhood of Butchers. Day after day he talked with the men as they came out. Many of the workmen were foreigners, and to them Tarbin talked with various interpreters.

"You men are only paid six dollars a week," he told John Sobotski and his

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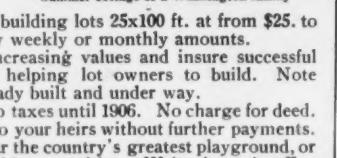
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FROM SAILOR BOY TO IRON MASTER



NOT many years ago a lad of sixteen had his home in a large Eastern city along the historic Delaware.

The ships as they tugged at their moorings, discharging cargo after cargo from far off lands, solicited the greatest concern of his impressionable mind. To see these places and to live the tales of the sea which he heard became a resolve by day and a dream by night. This soon shaped itself—the Pennsylvania schoolship offering the sought for opportunity, and a berth on board was readily secured.

Eighteen months before the mast, buffeted about by wind and wave, toughened the muscles and bronzed the cheek—a fitting preliminary to future events.

His was a jolly life, a life whose sum and substance was turn about work and play, though it led no farther than the bowsprit.

The cruise over, a position as apprentice in a boiler shop was obtained. This work was hard. Heavy iron plates must needs be hammered and rolled and coaxed into shape. The forge was hot—the tongs heavy, and it took strong muscles to drive and clinch the rivets—yet the pay envelope on Saturday night could boast but six dollars for the whole week's work.

Prospects were as dark as the heavy black plates which he daily hammered. Toil and labor as he would for years, it might make him a steady worker and a skillful mechanic—but there, perchance, progress must stop.

Seven o'clock every morning saw him in overalls and jumper with another day of toil ahead. The dinner pail at noon was the only solace; for hunger, at times, makes any of us forget our troubles. It went on this way for three long years, till one day he saw an advertisement of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, telling of their plan by which workers could prepare themselves for higher positions without losing time from their work. The proposition it made seemed so straightforward and so easy that he filled in and mailed the coupon without delay. This was the turning point in his career. By return mail he received full details of the easy I. C. S. road to success. He learned that thousands of young men and women all over the world had profited by the I. C. S. instruction—why not he? An apprentice's pay didn't offer much latitude in the selection of an education, but the determination to "do" asserted itself, and the mechanical course was decided upon.

Soon the lessons began to come. No longer did the boys find him at the old haunts and the "night off" soon took on a new meaning.

The hour or two with the lessons in the evening soon showed by marked progress in the shop. Problems which formerly were mysteries to all but "the boss," were now clear and practical. Success was at last within reach. His increased abilities soon won him the important post of assistant foreman. From here it was but a step to the coveted position of constructing engineer. The duties were now most exacting. Tanks and stacks and power plants were in course of erection, and serious problems now confronted the young engineer, requiring a level head and a steady hand. The lessons kept pace with the work, however, and difficult problems easily simplified themselves.

The rest, briefly told, is the story of big things accomplished in a brief period of time. It might be related how an interest in the business was acquired, finally disposing of this and organizing and equipping the present large works.

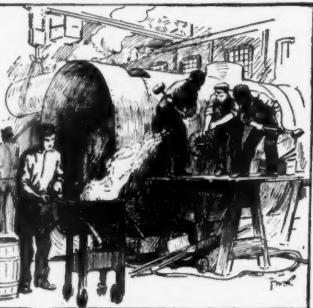
A trip through the plant of the Phila-

delphia Iron Works reveals how great a success can be achieved through determination and perseverance, when backed by thorough training.

Mr. James Thompson, the proprietor, while piloting you through the maze of machinery and amid the roar and rattle might relate for himself when the dinner pail was emptied for the last time, and how the apprentice boy of yesterday became the proprietor of to-day, and how the I. C. S. helped him to build up a business of immense proportions.

Mr. Thompson says: "I left home early, consequently my education was limited, and while plugging away in the boiler shops at a dollar a day I realized the need of systematic knowledge so essential to success. I took the mechanical course of the I. C. S., worked hard and soon mastered the studies. In my opinion the International Correspondence Schools are the greatest in the country, as they supply just the right knowledge and in the right form for the man or woman who must get practical results. The bound volumes of the course are kept in the office and are referred to from time to time. The books are really invaluable to anyone in the capacity of engineer."

This is but one of thousands of such stories—stories that lose in the telling. It's the old, old story—ever new, of grasping opportunities. The opportunity is yours—to-day. What the I. C. S. have done for Mr. Thompson they can do for you. No matter what your occupation or



position in life, the I. C. S. can help you to advance. The I. C. S. can help you to qualify in your spare time for a better position, or for promotion in your present occupation. This is done by their system of training by mail. The courses are inexpensive. Text books are furnished without extra charge.

The coupon below represents your opportunity to rise in the world. To fill in and mail to us this coupon is so easy a thing to do that you may underestimate its value. But it was just that simple little thing that put Mr. Thompson and thousands of others on the straight road to fortune.

Study the list and decide which occupation you want to enter, mark the coupon and mail it to us. By return mail we will give you full details how we can fit you for the place you want, and we will send you our booklet, "100 Stories of Success," telling what the I. C. S. has done for a thousand and one of our students. Mail the coupon to-day.

International Correspondence Schools

Box 997, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Min. Enginner
Show Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Mechan. Draughtsman	Civil Engineer
Ornamental Designer	Building Contractor
Illustrator	Arch. Draughtsman
Civil Service	Architect
Chemist	Structural Engineer
Textile Mill Supt.	Bridge Engineer
Electrician	Foreman Plumber
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

THE RIOTER

(Continued from page 19)

fellow helpers in the killing room. "You earn more than that. You work ten hours a day. You should be paid at least seven dollars and a half a week, and you should not be obliged to work more than eight hours."

Tarbin had hard work to get the Poles to even listen to him, but he was a persistent man, and he had the compelling gift of earnestness.

"Join our union," he urged them. "We will make the packers pay you more money and cut down your hours. Perhaps they can't afford it? Bah! Look at them now! Riding around the world in private steam yachts! Starting colleges for the children of the rich with the money that really belongs to you."

He had a rude gift of eloquence, and gradually he won over some of the men. One evening, after John Sobotski had listened to Tarbin talk at the saloon, he went out to walk in the cool night air. Certain thoughts had begun to penetrate into John's thick brain. As he reached Halstead Street, a carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful horses, dashed across at a rapid trot. In the carriage sat the tall, smooth-shaven young man he had seen on the deck of the steam yacht. The old rage came back on the instant. John cursed and shook his fist at the unconscious figure. Next morning he told Tarbin that he would join the union. From the start, John Sobotski was an ardent union man. From the start, his idea was not so much to help himself as to hurt the bosses—the one boss, the fair-haired, careless rider who had ruined his father's turnip field. He was a great help to Tarbin in getting his fellow countrymen into the union. Within a few months he had succeeded in organizing a strong local made up exclusively of Poles.

"Inside of two weeks now," Tarbin told him, "we'll be ready to demand higher wages for all the butchers and their helpers."

But the packers were even quicker. The next Saturday night John Sobotski got a pink envelope at the pay window. That meant his discharge, as John was by this time sophisticated enough to know. He asked for an explanation.

"Business is slack. We're laying off a lot of men. Sorry."

That was a lie and John Sobotski knew it. He was discharged because of his activities in helping to form a union. That suspicion was turned into a certainty when it was found that fifty of the other leading union men had also been "let out." Thomas Tarbin was quick to deal a counter blow. He called all the remaining union men out on a strike. He asked support from other unions, and got it in the shape of sympathetic strikes which tied up almost all the departments of several of the big packing houses. Then trouble began. Strike breakers were brought in. Trainloads of negroes were brought into the yards in freight cars and lodged inside the packing houses. Wagonloads of apparently empty barrels were hauled into the yards, and in each barrel was hidden a Greek laborer, ready to take any chances for three dollars a day.

The families of the strikers began to starve. The fight grew bitter. The situation became so serious and so important to the packing interests that two of the more important packers postponed starting for Europe on vacation excursions for two weeks. Thomas Tarbin was offered five thousand dollars cash down to settle the strike and order his men back to work. But he declined with a fine show of insulted dignity. He was being paid one thousand dollars a week by the independent packers for every week he kept the big packing houses closed. He could afford to be honest.

Riots broke out. Union teamsters blocked the path of teams hauling meat and supplies from the yards, mobs overturned the wagons, cut the harness into bits, kicked the drivers into unconsciousness. John Sobotski was a unit in the mob. The sight of blood was no new thing to his eyes; the smell of it was familiar in his nostrils.

"We will personally drive teams from our packing houses," said several of the big packers, and called for the doubling of the police guard along the proposed route. Thomas Tarbin rallied his men. It was recognized that this was to be a critical trial of strength.

John Sobotski stood near the front of the crowd which gathered along Forty-seventh Street near Halstead. From down the street came a savage roar. The procession of teams driven by the great packers themselves had started. John Sobotski and the men and women around sent back an answering yell of encouragement to their fellows who were already in the fight. Ahead came a police patrol wagon, filled with officers who carried drawn revolvers. The wagon advanced on a sharp trot. At the sight the crowd fell back, cowed. John Sobotski with them.

Just behind the patrol wagon came a team of great dapple grays. It was driven by a tall, fair-haired man, with a smooth-shaven face. He looked neither to the right nor left. There was a proud smile on his lips.

John Sobotski saw him and growled like a wild beast with sudden rage. He sprang forward again, picked up half a brick, and hurled it with all his force directly at the head of the driver of the grays. At the same instant a policeman's club fell on his own skull and he dropped in his tracks.

"Sobotski—John, butcher's helper," said the newspapers next morning in summing up the results of the riot. "Skull fractured. Probably fatally injured."

The newspapers also published editorials in which they pointed out that John Sobotski's attempted crime and its summary punishment should prove a lesson to other overenthusiastic union men. But the newspapers had never heard about the turnip field.



Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning

Some appetites need to be tempted. Dishes which are ordinarily flat and tasteless may be made just the reverse by proper seasoning. Soups, Fish, Roasts, Gravies, Salads, etc., are given a delicious flavor by adding LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE. No other "just as good."

John Duncan & Sons, Agents, New York.

24 RAZORS on Approval for a PENNY POSTAL

Send us your name, occupation, home and business addresses and we will send you, charges paid, on seven days Free trial, 24 of the smoothest, keenest, sharpest razors ever made. Enough razors for a year without stropping or honing.

The "EVER READY" is the newest razor idea—built like a repeating rifle—the "SAFETY" with 24 blades, the "OLD STYLE," with twelve.

Whether your beard is wiry or fine; regular or irregular; your skin tender or tough, the "EVER READY" will shave you without a pull or scratch; better and cleaner than any other razor.

Don't take our word for it—try them at our expense; then if you wish to keep them you can pay us \$5.00 on terms to suit; otherwise express them back, collect.

In ordering, state whether you prefer the "SAFETY" or "OLD STYLE"—to cut close or medium.

SHERMAN & COMPANY
Box A, 41 Park Row NEW YORK

"GUNN" DESKS Filing Cabinets.

Our New "400" Series

No. 400 (like cut) has deep drawers arranged with VERTICAL FILING EQUIPMENT, writing bed not broken by typewriter, which disappears in a dust-proof compartment. GUNN DESKS are made in 250 different patterns, in all woods and finishes, fitted with our time saving DROP-FRONT pigeon hole box.

If you desire an up-to-date desk of any description and best possible value for your money get a Gunn. Our reference—"The User—The Man with the Gunn." Sold by all leading dealers or shipped direct from the factory. Send for catalogue of desk and filing devices—mailed FREE.

"Awarded Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis"

Gunn Furniture Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.



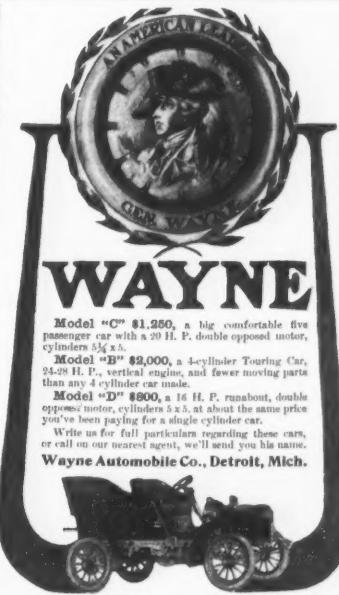
Doctors agree that the best sport, summer and winter, for small boys and girls, is the

Irish Mail Patent applied for.

Exercise all muscles; doesn't over-tax nor over-heat. Designed on hygienic lines. Fast; safe; comfortable; with little "craft" that delights every child. If your dealer hasn't it, order direct from us. Write for booklet, FREE.

Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 494 Irish Mail Street, Anderson, Ind.

Successors to The Standard Mfg. Co.



The Best Way

What do we know without trial?

Hunter Baltimore Rye

The perfect Whiskey has stood every test. Between good and bad, trial is the test and taste the umpire.



It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



DO YOU KNOW THAT Roof Leak?

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

will add at least ten years to the life of a new or an old leaky SHINGLE, TIN or FELT roof?

Roof Leak is a heavy rubberlike weatherproof liquid cement made in Black, Medium and Dark Maroon, Medium and Dark Green. One coat will make an old porous, leaky roof watertight, and this one coat is equal in thickness to three coats of pure linseed oil paint and is far superior in durability. Does not crack in the coldest weather or soften under highest heat. A boy can apply it. Imparts no taste to water. Highly fireproof.

Roof Leak stops the rusting process on tin or iron, or warping and rotting in shingles.

Roof Leak is not only suitable for roof protection, but is the best liquid protection possible to make for tin, iron or wood, subjected to arctic or tropical weather or to heat, brine or acid or for electrical insulation.

Roof Leak wants your order—if your dealer does not carry it, we will fill your order direct. Price east of Colorado in one-gallon cans, \$1.00 per gallon; in three, five and ten gallon kits, 75¢ per gallon. Freight prepaid 500 miles from New York or Chicago on five gallons, 1000 miles on ten gallons or more—slightly higher f. o. b. distributing points beyond.

Roof Leak liquid sample by mail with booklet and color card on request. It is worth sending for if you own a roof. A pint, enough to coat 20 square feet and enough to give "Roof Leak" a thoroughly practical test, by express prepaid to your door for 20c. in stamps or 2 dimes.

Elliot Varnish Co. 140 Fulton St., Chicago
40 Warren St., New York

SAVE MONEY ON AUTO SUPPLIES

We charge ordinary business advance on wholesale cost—**much less than the usual "fancy" prices.** Your money back if you want it, too.

The Whole Market before you in our catalogue. Send 20c, first and order from your easy chair.

PONT & LESTER CO. 48 Margaret St., Hartford, Conn.
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Foreign Made Equipment.

Most complete set of hamper patterns in the world. Hampers for any make and model car. Royal de Luxe hampers, perfect finish and workmanship, at lower prices than are asked for even ordinary hampers elsewhere.

E Treatment "Just the place you are looking for."

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E Mountain Views

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SEND US YOUR OLD NECKTIE & 35c

and we will mail post paid any style Tie desired, made from best quality silk in Black, white or fancy colors—
dollar value—money back if not satisfactory.

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THE CRAVAT CO., Box 620, Dept. C, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN MEXICAN
CHILE CON CARNE
HOT TAMALES,
ENCHILADES, AND OTHER MEXICAN
DISHES. EASY, QUICK AND SURE. SEND 15¢
IN STAMPS TO THE T. B. WALKER MFG. CO.,
1212 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A. AND GETA
FULL SIZE CAN, WITH COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR
USING BY RETURN MAIL. —
WALKER'S RED HOT CHILE CON CARNE FOR CHICKEN OR
MALES. ONLY 10¢ FOR LARGE 1-LB. SIZE CAN.

Mexican Palm Leaf Hat 40c
Hand-woven by Mexicans of the interior from palm fiber. Double
wave, durable and light weight, with
colored design in stripes. Retail at \$1.00,
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how to play any instrument.
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can School of Music, 301 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

CRIMINAL NEWSPAPER ALLIANCES WITH FRAUD AND POISON

(Continued from pages 12 and 13)

has come for an appeal to the Legislature. Michigan already punishes by law both the quacks and the newspapers who print their advertisements. The time should come when the law will step in to make it harder for a manufacturer to prescribe one concoction for the worst diseases of all the world.

The Press Owes Reparation to the Public

Newspapers are the pulpits of democracy. Since everybody reads, the most influential sermons are those which appear in print on topics of the day. Newspapers have done so much to create the success of "fakes" in medicine that their duty is clearly to help remove them. We shall do our part. While a few are harmless, the only safe course on the point of advertising is to exclude them all, and we have made a rule against any patent-medicine advertisement whatever appearing in our columns hereafter. Refusing to countenance the evil, however, is not sufficient. We shall also do what we can to make the public a less easy mark. We have asserted the harmfulness of patent medicines, and readers and vendors have asked for proof. They shall have it. A prominent journalist, especially prepared by the nature of his previous successes to undertake this campaign in the most effective fashion, is now working constantly for us. He will take the most conspicuous nostrums, show how the business is conducted, what the stuff is made of, and what the inevitable results are for thousands. Probably his first topic will be Peruna, that hypocritical cocktail in disguise, so popular with many old ladies who would refuse beer or stout for stimulants, but are fond of that pleasant feeling which they get from their favorite patent taken freely when they are tired. Residents of prohibition States, or of towns and villages closed to liquor by local option, might still sing in praise the once familiar doggerel:

"All good patent medicine is booze,
Or very near to it,
When you come to think of it,
Tra-la-la-la-la."

Our expert, when his material is prepared, will tell the sad story with full names and details, but without effort at sensation. No such effort is required. The facts are sensational enough, and we shall print nothing that is touched with doubt. A dramatic article on Liquozone, for instance, written by a former employee of the Liquozone Company, has been lying in one of our desks for months, and may never be used, from the difficulty of disentangling fact from exaggeration.

Not the Fault of the Retailer

On the retail druggists' little blame. Several of them write to us that the patent business is a poor one which they would gladly abandon did the newspaper advertisements not create a demand by which they are coerced. Among our druggist letters the best is one of which the following is the larger part:

MARCH 22, 1905

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

Sir—In your issue for March 25 you again take a fall out of the patent medicines, along with adulterated foods, and mention, besides the manufacturer, the "men who sell it at retail."

Now, I don't blame you, for every one outside of the drug business jumps on the retailer, but what, may I ask, can we do? The drug store which does not carry every well-advertised "patent" is considered not up to date, and may as well go out of the business. The druggist must live, but the moment he removes his stock of patents he will either have to quit living or go into some other line of business. At least this is true in the country. If we advise persons against buying a patent, we have either to suggest their seeing a physician, or taking some other remedy which we, at least, know is not injurious. In the former case they think the physician and the druggist are working together, and in the latter the old howl of "substitution" is raised, and off they go insulted.

Now for my second kick: Every patent-medicine law that I have ever seen proposed has hit the retailer as the guilty party. He gets it in the neck if the public, educated by flare advertisements, insists on taking some concoction of poor whiskey and gentian. Why don't they hit the maker and advertiser? Are not the papers whose pages are filled with these ads as much to blame as the retail druggist? Could not the legislation be directed at the base of the trouble and the manufacturing of such preparations stopped? Doesn't COLLIER's accept patent-medicine ads? Are you sure some of them aren't misleading? Do you think for one minute that they will do one-tenth of what is claimed in the ads? Is not the injury from patents largely due to people using them for diseases for which they are not intended? I'm not trying to "get back" at you. You take ads for business reasons, and I sell patents for the same. I admit no one will ever be killed by some of these fakes, but do not these ads induce persons to use remedies (?) they will never derive any benefit from, and which may prove injurious?

Now, do you not think that COLLIER's might give the retailer a little sympathy once in a while? It seems like a very fair publication to me.

You will have known by now that I am not an accomplished writer—if you have read this far—and I beg your pardon for the liberty I have taken, but we have been jabbed and jumped on until I had to yell.

Yours very truly,

M. T. HUBER.

The blame is on the newspapers, the law-makers, and the men who make and push the stuff. The States ought to pass more stringent laws. The National Government should be as strict as that of England. For the mails to be used as the mainstay of many of the worst bunco cures is made possible only by slackness or dishonesty in Government officials. The excise laws and regulations should be applied to "patents," many of which would then immediately be killed. The blame is thus distributed, but the principal object of this article is to point out the newspaper's part in the evil's growth, and the consequent duty of the press to aid in its extermination. It sounds high-minded for Journalism to bark furiously against the reign of graft in politics or in high finance, but it can practice a little real reform, if it chooses, by cancelling some of the most profitable results of its own limberness of conscience. It hides behind the separation of editorial and business offices, even as members of a corporation hide behind the fictitious entity which they compose. Reform would have greater permanence and value if it sometimes began at home. Hypocrisy is no foundation for spiritual improvement. Newspapers will more successfully reform the world when they have turned against those species of graft which are of peculiar profit to themselves.

VELVO POLISHER

A household necessity. Simple in construction; lasts a lifetime. Makes cleaning and polishing easy. Best polisher made for Furniture, Shoes, Windows, Hardwood Floors, Silverware, etc. Everybody who sees it wants it.

PRICE 25c POSTPAID

Agents can make big money selling this polisher.

Write for our liberal offer.

VELVO MANUFACTURING CO.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

To Gas Engine Operators
Dynamo Ignition
Motinger Auto Sparker
No battery to start or run. The original
speed-controlled friction-drive Dynamo
Driven parallel with engine shaft. No
belts. No bevelled pulleys or bevelled
fly wheel necessary. For make
and break and jump-work system.
Write for catalog. **MOTINGER**
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St., Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS
50,830 Appointments were made to Civil Service
year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we
instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations
and receive appointments to life positions at \$840 to \$1200 a year.
If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service
Announcement, containing dates, places for holding examinations,
and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.
COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Washington, D. C.

SQUABS are money-makers.
Ready for market when four weeks old.
Breeding pairs, \$1.00 each; 10 to 15
pairs every year. Each pair
can be sold for 50 to 80 cents.
Our Hens produce the finest
squabs in this country. They
require little attention. Send
for information and prices.
HOMER SQUAB COMPANY
Box R, Lindenhurst, N. Y.

\$2,000 IN 8 WEEKS

Our Mr. Linneum sold \$2,000 worth of made-to-order pants and
pants in 8 weeks. Suits from \$8.00 up, pants from \$2.50 up. You
can make big money if you start now. We give large commissions
and liberal terms. Write today and secure exclusive territory.

THE WARRINGTON W. & W. MILLS, Dept. 12, CHICAGO, ILL.

STARK FRUIT BOOK
shows in NATURAL COLORS and
accurately describes 216 varieties
of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.
We want more salesmen. — Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

STAMMERING CURED
by natural method. Send for special rates and particulars.
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INVENTORS We manufacture METAL
SPECIALISTS of all kinds,
to order; largest equipment
and lowest prices. Send sample or model
for low estimate and best expert advice
FREE
THE EAGLE TOOL CO., Dept. C, CINCINNATI, O.

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ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN \$25 to \$100
a week. Send for free booklet, "Commercial Illustrating"
tells how we teach illustrating by mail. 2,500 graduates.
The National Press Association, 54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED TO SLEEP

**Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have
Such Desire**

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.

"You will doubtless understand how the suffering with indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden, and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight.

"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me.

"Six months have elapsed since I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and the benefits I have derived from it are very definite. I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table. I find that by eating a dish of it after my Sabbath work is done, (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me. I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—we feel that we need it to complete the meal—and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.



Sterilized

Every bottle of Schlitz beer
is sterilized after it is sealed.

The process takes ninety
minutes; the cost is enor-
mous. But the result is a
germless beer—a beer that
doesn't ferment on the
stomach—a beer that pre-
serves its quality—a beer
absolutely
pure.

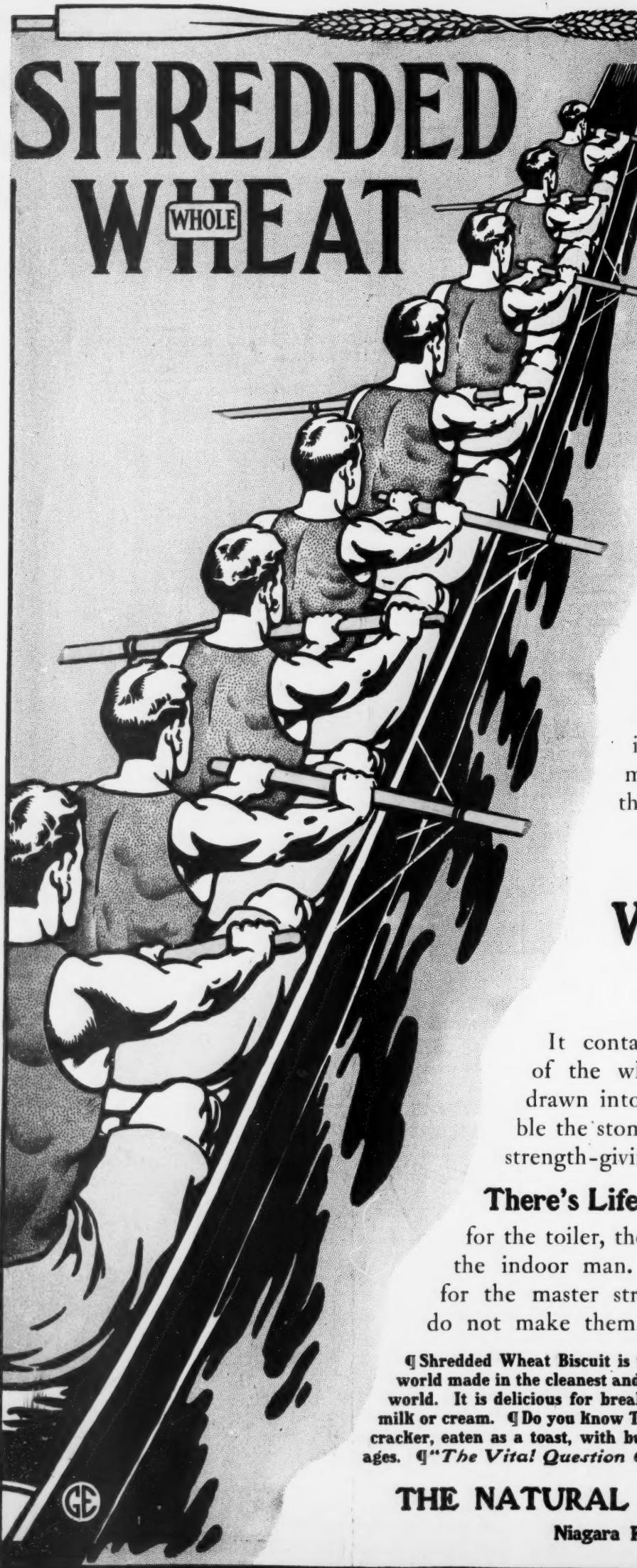
*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded*

Schlitz The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous

SHREDDED WHEAT

WHOLE

How's YOUR STROKE?



Is It **STEADY** and
STRONG Every
Day in the Year?

You are not training for a college regatta. But you must pull an oar in the race of life, and you need the strength and endurance that come from a natural food that is perfectly adapted in form and material to every requirement of the human body. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

It contains all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat grain, cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds, which enable the stomach to readily take up all their strength-giving, body-building properties.

There's Life and Health in Every Shred

for the toiler, the thinker, the outdoor man and the indoor man. You need Brawn and Brain for the master stroke that wins. Starchy foods do not make them.

Q Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the purest and cleanest cereal food in the world made in the cleanest and most hygienic industrial building in the world. It is delicious for breakfast, or for every meal, with hot or cold milk or cream. Q Do you know TRISCUIT? It is the new Shredded Wheat cracker, eaten as a toast, with butter or with cheese, preserves or beverages. Q "The Vital Question Cook Book" is sent free. Write to-day.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



VOL XXXV NO 16
JULY 15 1905

FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$5.20 A YEAR

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LAKE AND
MOUNTAIN
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EASTERN & NORTHERN
NEW ENGLAND and the
MARITIME PROVINCES**

Reached by the
**BOSTON & MAINE
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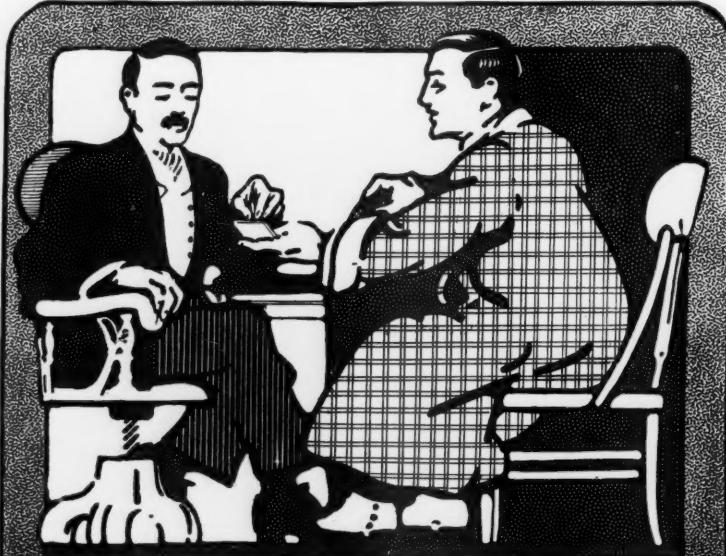
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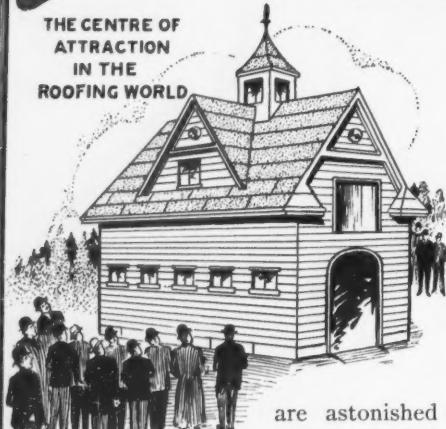
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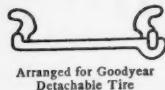
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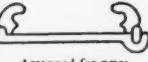
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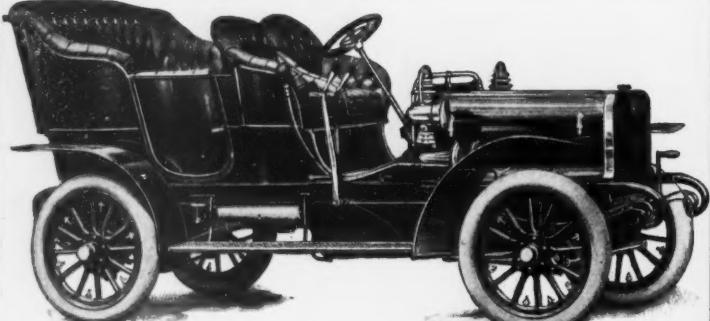
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